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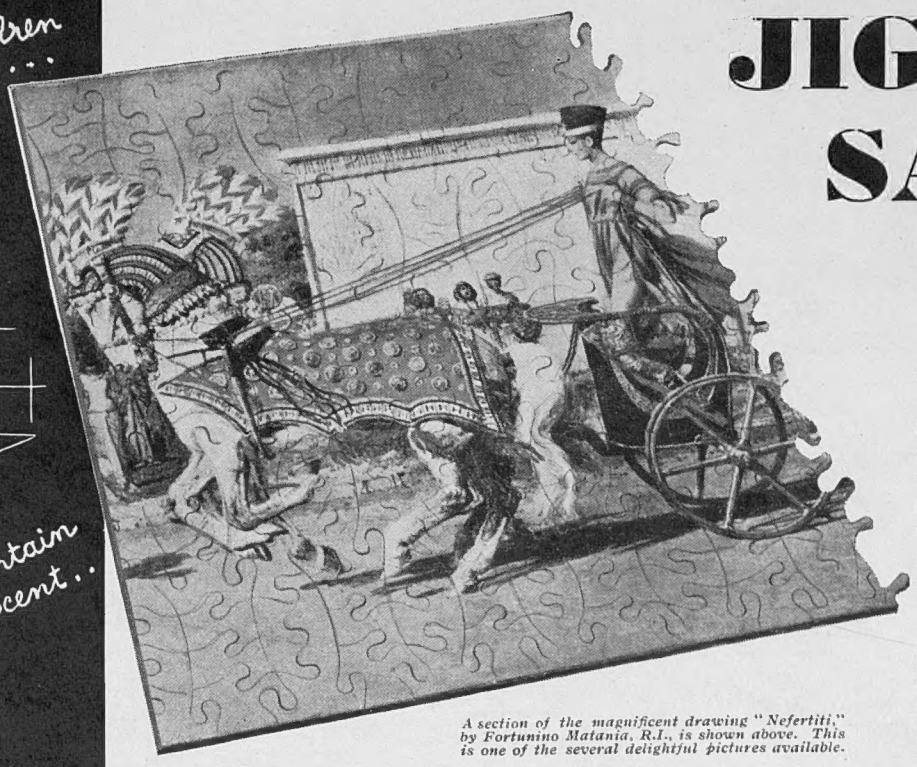

A section of the magnificent drawing "Nefertiti," by Fortunino Matania, R.I., is shown above. This is one of the several delightful pictures available.

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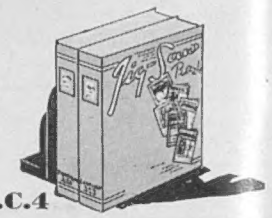

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THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly
London, December 30, 1939

THE CANADIANS ARRIVE IN BRITAIN

The First Contingent of the Dominion Forces Stepping Ashore Last Week

The first Canadian contingent successfully crossed the Atlantic and landed in this country last week. It was reported that one vessel, having got lost in fog, was searched for all day by two destroyers, when towards evening the wireless message came through, "Read Luke 15, vi." Decoded, it read, "Rejoice with me, for I have found my sheep which was lost." "It was an impressive scene," wrote one observer, "at the main port of landing as great ship after great ship steamed in from their journey across the Atlantic. They are a fine sample of Canadian manhood, representing all classes and sections—French-speaking as well as English-speaking—of the Canadian nation. They are a citizen force consisting for the most part of men who in every province, indeed in every district, of the Dominion have left their comfortable peace-time work on their own initiative to face the hardships and hazards of war in the defence of the liberties and the values which they know to be at stake in the present struggle." Major-General A. G. L. McNaughton, commanding the Canadian Forces, wrote in his Order of the Day, "In this cause we are to stand in battle beside our comrades-in-arms from the British Commonwealth and France, and we carry an obligation of honour to live up to the proud traditions established by the Canadian Corps. . . . There is still much to learn, both individually and collectively, before the first Canadian Division can be considered battle-worthy. We are to have the valued assistance of the British Army in our training and the benefit of their broad and recent experience"

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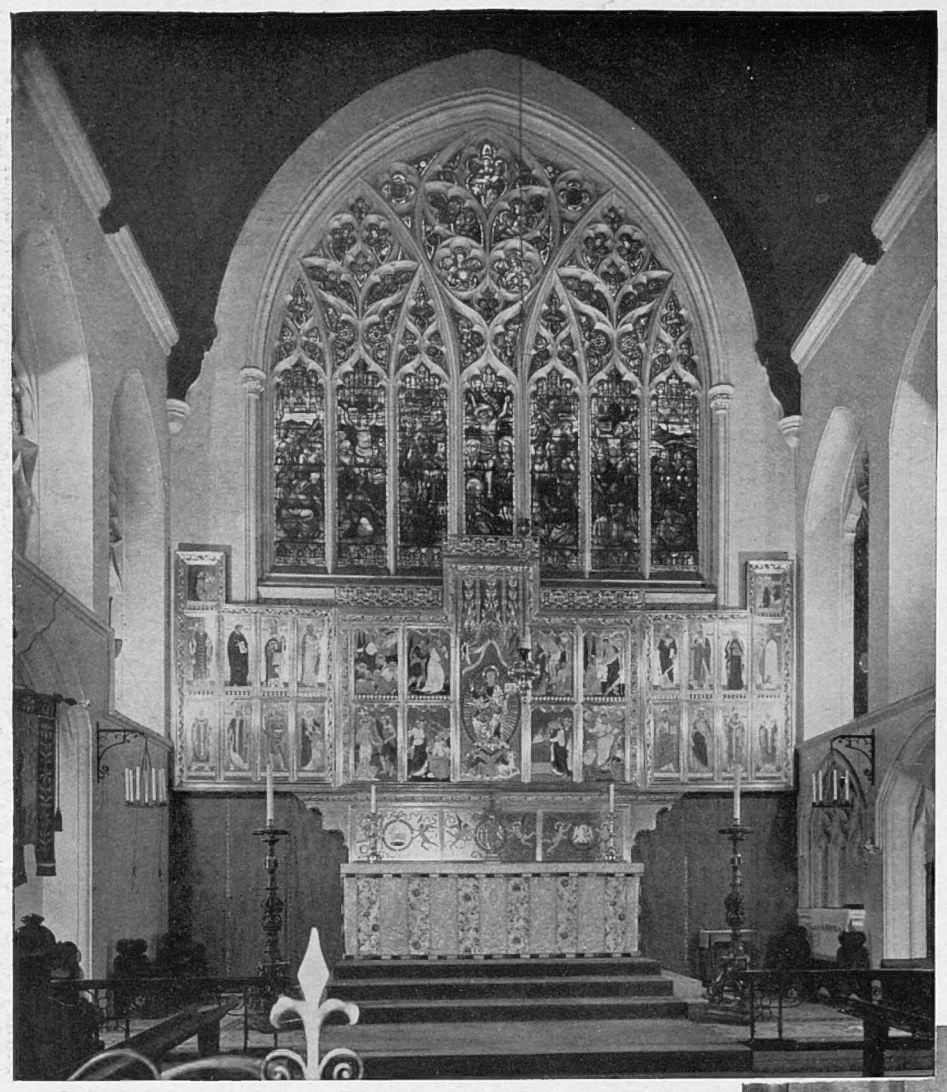


THE LATEST EXAMPLE OF RELIGIOUS ART

A new reredos designed by Mr. J. N. Cowper, the architect, has been erected in St. Mark's Church, Regent's Park Road, N.W. It is constructed of pine-wood and burnished gold with a centre panel in colour portraying "Our Lord Seated in Glory." On each side are four panels illustrating scenes from the Gospel of St. Mark, while above and below are symbols of the four Evangelists

A War Newsletter —No. XVII

32-34, St. Bride Street, E.C.4
Wednesday, December 27, 1939

CALL IT A YEAR.—Yes, we may call it a year. I think my first caption of the *Newsletter* for January, 1939, was "The Year of Fate?" How many living men, editing that caption and paragraph in January, 1939, would have put a stroke through the question mark? From a black January to the almost-certainty of August and to the certainty of September, hope and the despair of certainty alternated for most of us. I should like to know what proportion of people in Britain in January, 1939, were as certain that war was coming as was Lord Roberts in 1913? Prophets always must emerge to vindication after the event. No man can be a prophet acclaimed until his prophecy is fulfilled. I try to examine myself impartially. Whether or no it was mere wishful thinking, I am pretty certain I did not believe war would come, even during the early days of August. I made no doubt that after our pledge to Poland, Britain and France would honour it to the hilt, and that if Hitler decided for war, at war we should be in 1939 or soon after. But I did not believe, until the thing came, that Hitler meant war with Britain and France, and I am not now sure that he did. He had got himself on to a tight rope, he had slithered to the centre of the crevasse and then his foot slipped. A perfectly trivial and unforeseeable prick to his personal vanity—if Sir Nevile Henderson is right—settled the issue and plunged civilisation in chaos.

WAR INEVITABLE.—But one can exaggerate the importance of that tremendous trifle. Long before August there was no third way possible. It was either war (*il faut en finir*) or an impossible *volte-face*, a total conversion, on Hitler's part. We toyed with a shadow when we doubted that war would come. It was less impossible to believe than that root-and-branch conversion. War was inevitable, and all the first months of 1939 we pursued a will-of-the-wisp called hope. Why? Because years of Nazi propaganda had finally persuaded its leaders and rank and file that there was no chance for Germany's imperialist dream to come true until the British Empire was destroyed. I daresay I was in a minority with the optimists. I acknowledge the enthusiasm with which our local executives went about the business of preparing the plans for evacuation and civil defence. In our hearts I believe now we all of us knew war must come. That is evidenced in the way we cut down our future commitments. We had cancelled the plan for a holiday abroad for our children as early as May. We even thought Scotland too far away. We cut down our small plans for improvements inside and outside the house. We qualified for first aid and air-raid wardening and what not, rather grudging the time taken up. Looking back, that reluctance to accept the inevitable appears silly now. Because we never really tried to specify what the third alternative could be. There wasn't no sich thing . . . unless perhaps Hitler had had a stroke. And such men never have apoplexy at the right moment.

BRIGHT INTERLUDES.—I shall break with *Newsletter* tradition this year and in the last letter of the year I shall not catalogue its chief events. We have enough to endure each day; we wallow in so much slime and hate as our daily portion as to justify a refusal to rake up the old mud. The evil man's sickening technique was the main interest of the year that is gone, with, for the Allies, one or two particularly bright and happy interludes; chief among them the visit of the French President, and that historic visit of the King and Queen to Canada and the States. Both visits have an assured place in any history of Britain, and the full value of them will not be finally assessed for years. It is a curious and remarkable fact that the visits of King George V and Queen Mary to India both before and after accession are still bearing fruit, are still treasured in memory in India, and in one instance to my knowledge are having a direct effect on the degree of assistance to-day being afforded by India to the Mother Country. The longer I live and the more I study history, the more convinced I grow of the importance of such contacts. The world was black enough those earlier days of 1939. Spain was bitterly liquidating its long and tragic war, and Nazi poison was seeping wider and wider across Europe. The sweetness of those interludes was psychological. One felt it subconsciously then and consciously now. It was the intense relief that came with a brief reaction to fellowship and friendliness and the graces of gentlemanly conduct in that sorry, that beastly orgy of aggression and of propaganda hate and filth which soon closed down on us again.

PRESENTED BY LONDON EVACUEES

A scene from a Nativity play which was produced at Eastbourne by the children of St. Paul's Church of England School, Whitechapel, and other London schools. Mrs. D. Macgregor, the headmistress, designed their costumes, which she made from old evening gowns presented by the women of Eastbourne

WE ARE HAPPIER NOW.—We were very unhappy all the year. A misery of soul and a sense of shame took the zest and taste out of all our normal, healthy pleasures and daily routine. We are, as a nation if not individually, far happier now. The reasons are obvious. We have broken away from doubt and fear and turned to reality and calmness. We have both feet in the same, hard world in which there is work to our hands which must be done. We are out of the dark and menacing shadows of the wood and under the clear, hard sky of fact. We have simplified our lives, diminished our egotisms, locked away for the duration (and perhaps beyond the war) the little meannesses of social life, snobbery, class consciousness, foolish standards, shams and shows, and each of us counts to-day only on the basis of what he can contribute to a common cause. War is a bloody imbecility but it is not entirely bankrupt of assets. It gives a shake-out to human nature and sets the things that matter once more in a proper perspective—patriotism, unselfishness, endurance, pluck, character, simplicity, sacrifice proud and uncomplaining, fellowship and human charity, helpfulness, hard work, duty as a citizen and a subject, as a neighbour and the member of a family.

THE BITTEREST PART OF OUR SACRIFICE.—Four months of war have taught us a lot and confirmed our constant belief in the ultimate victory of our cause—freedom, honour, decency, humanity. We have seen cruelty, brutality, injustice and tyranny in measure unimaginable twenty years ago. The sufferings of human beings on both sides have been terrible. On both sides thousands of innocent human beings have been torn from their homes, uprooted from their lives and separated from their families at the whim of tyrants, at the whim of two individuals. We have seen Czechoslovakia emasculated and Poland obliterated by the planned stroke of a mighty and efficient war machine, and Finland stabbed by the blunt and bungling weapons of a sprawling giant. And all over Europe family life and peaceful existence has been destroyed and uprooted. We have suffered grievously at sea, we have had a taste of what air warfare may mean in loss of life, we have a very good idea of what we may be called on to face on land and sea and in the air before next year ends. If we had any doubts remaining of the sheer imbecility of war, those doubts are resolved when we assess the losses to the world's trade, and estimate the damage to our civilisation from the ocean of hate and lying in which we are engulfed. Much of our war effort is being squandered on pleading the rightness of our cause and justifying our determination to see this thing through before a jury of neutrals, who know as well as we know that our cause is just and our sufferings forced upon us, a crusade to save humanity from enslavement. And, knowing it, they dare not declare for justice from terror of instant reprisal or dread of being caught up into the maelstrom. That is perhaps the bitterest part of our sacrifice—that we must for ever dissipate our war effort in pleading our cause to neutral ears, must hear from those for whose ideals we are fighting formal disapproval of our counter measures against barbarity, and politely answer such criticism. America is quite right to keep out of the war as long as she can, but she makes a big psychological mistake when *she* stresses the imbecility of this war and lumps

Britain and France in a common condemnation of Europe's Bedlam. She knows to what lengths France and Britain went to avoid it—and indeed condemned our efforts as weakness only a few months ago.

BLACK SPOTS.—Looking back over the past year certain events stand out like ink stains on dingy parchment. On March 14 the rape of the Czecho-slovak Republic was accomplished by a Reich "protectorate" over the Czech provinces, and next day the Nazis entered Prague, and Hungary swept over the Carpathian Ukraine. The world denounced the deed. On March 28 Madrid surrendered to Franco. On April 8 the Italians occupied Albania. The world denounced the deed. On May 12 the Premier announced our anti-aggression pact with Turkey. Soon after the King and Queen returned home from Canada, Lord Halifax affirmed our united determination to resist further aggression. The Polish tension now became acute. On August 22 Russia and Germany announced their "non-intervention" pact. On August 25 President Roosevelt and the Pope issued their appeals for peace. The same day Sir Nevile Henderson began his final exchanges with Hitler. On the 26th the British–Polish Agreement was published. On August 31 500,000 German troops occupied Slovakia, and on September 1 the invasion of Poland began. The same day we began evacuation from the cities, and on the 3rd we were at war. A few hours later the *Athenia* had been sunk without warning. Surely in the history of civilisation there was never a year so filled with lawlessness and sheer brutality under the guise of "peace."

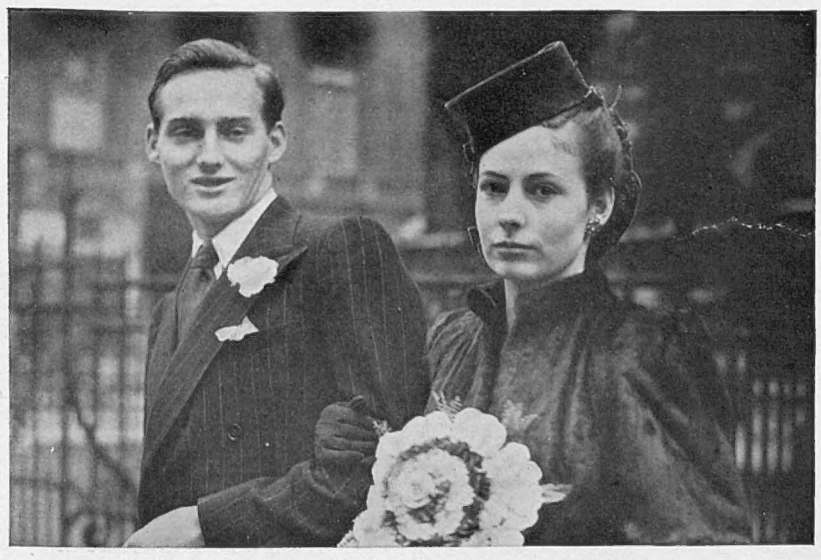
MODERN WAR.—The events of the war hitherto are burnt indelibly on our memory. Its psychological history to date is more difficult to follow. It took us about a fortnight to lose our war nerves and to adjust our lives to the inevitable suffering and sacrifice. The war developed entirely contrary to preconceived expectation. The home front organised itself in perfectly undisturbed peace. No bombs fell on Britain, and to date that immunity broadly continues. The physical war has been waged at sea and in the air, the brunt of it falling on the British Navy and Air Arms and the Merchant Service. Great work has been done worthy of the fine traditions of the navies and air forces engaged. During the week before Christmas the British Navy did feats worthy to rank with those of Zeebrugge and the Sea of Marmora. On land it is still stalemate—an affair of outposts. Huge armies supplied with vast armaments face each other in impregnable lines of defence, and the prospect of any major attempt on either side to break the other's line seems remote. A winter and early spring of inactivity seem tolerably certain for the land forces. The war in the air fought by bombers and fighters and scouting planes has been but a foretaste of what mass air attack may produce. The other war of the air—the propaganda war—has probably (we hope so) reached already its zenith of frightfulness. The ordinary man in England is still puzzled, if he is calm, confident, and resigned. He hears many "solutions" of his puzzles. He is puzzled to know how a war can be won and lost by an exchange of bitter words. While he rejoices that the total casualties of three months of war were very considerably less than the road casualties in Britain during the same period, the circumstance is so different from any other war in his recollection that he worries himself for an explanation. Some tell him that the French command—whom he trusts to know their business—are satisfied to preserve the stalemate; others tell him they would welcome a major attack at once. Some tell him our government pin their faith (from information largely supplied by Army Intelligence) on very early results from the blockade and from other economic factors within Germany. Others that they expect a long war and have no belief that Germany can be brought to see reason except after a major defeat by arms. He reads of bombers constantly crossing German territory and dropping nothing or (worse than nothing) pamphlets, and he asks himself: Do our leaders fear retaliation or believe that the war can be won without much shedding of blood?

KEEPING WARM DURING REHEARSALS

Since the year 1860 it has been the custom at the Forest School, Snaresbrook, to produce a Shakespeare play at the end of the Christmas term. This year the boys presented Part I of Shakespeare's *Henry IV*. The young actors are seen seated round a brazier while waiting for their cues

WED AT CAXTON HALL

Miss Millicent Baron, the daughter of Mr. Edward S. Baron, Chairman and Joint Managing Director of Carreras Ltd., seen after her marriage to Flight-Lieutenant Richard Maitland Longmore, of the R.A.F. The bridegroom is the son of Air Marshal Sir Arthur Murray Longmore



STAGE WEDDING

Mr. Henry T. Ainley, son of Mr. Henry Ainley, and Miss Angela Jeans, daughter of Mr. Ronald Jeans, the playwright, were recently married at St. Andrew's Church, Westminster. They are here seen leaving after the ceremony

THE VALUE OF PROPAGANDA?—He hears many views about the paper war. His own perhaps is that to spend no inconsiderable part of our war effort on this sorry, dingy, doubtful and undignified business is a monstrous waste of time and money. He argues that to plead Britain's "case" before the neutral world (*ad nauseam*) is to admit that there are two sides to the question, which is to negative the accepted idea of a crusade. Must justice plead? Does honour need to be whitewashed by the best available legal arguments? Can white be black or piebald? The indignity of the dirty business is accepted by many schools of thought and a majority of the views he hears throw doubt on its effectiveness. Every neutral knows the truth at last (he believes); some of them are lucky enough geographically to be brave enough to declare their views; the geographically unlucky or the weaker are not. What will words achieve with these or with the enemy that solid fact cannot achieve? While the power of the sword remains, what magic lies in words which cannot harm the body? The major war of the air is worse than undignified, worse than fatuous, it is boring and extravagant (says he). It hurts his pride that even British Ministers succumb to the temptation to jibe and riposte and *tu quoque*. What events have made impressions of lasting value since hostilities began? Russia's betrayal of her own ideals, Germany's total disregard of the laws of humanity and international law, Finland's innocence and Finland's stand for freedom against overwhelming odds, the gallant action off Montevideo (its reactions in Germany, in Italy, in America, are certainly great if at present unassessable). These are *facts*, which hit the watching world without any help from the preliminary bombardment of propaganda. The truth will out, not in the end (as in a Victorian novel) but in an hour. And words are vapour when truth and fact begin to talk. What was the use of the Nazi claim that the *Graf Spee* had won a great victory when the pocket battleship blew up in Montevideo harbour? What effect had years of boasting of Russian military power when a handful of Finns had shown up its rottenness? Less than none. The only effect was to pin the word "liar" to the coat-tails of the arch-wizards of propaganda. And still it goes on.

FACING 1940.—The 1840's were called the Hungry Forties. The "roaring forties" of this century may be the hungry forties, too. The imbecility of war is, first and last, its waste, waste of effort, waste of all that mankind needs in men (the leaders of to-morrow) and material to make it happier and nobler. It is not the fighting men who create the hate and bitterness which makes peace impossible. It is the civilians who direct the war effort. It is the civilians' war of the air which keeps everlastingly alive the fatal feud and the fatal suspicion. Lies have triumphed too long, hate has been too long enthroned, and both are effective only among nations which surrender their individual souls and are born to be sheep and slaves. The captain of the *Graf Spee* himself blew the gaff on propaganda before he blew his ship sky-high. He showed that the German people is still capable of breaking its fetters and taking a dignified part in the rebuilding of our shattered world. He told the truth about his defeat in chivalrous language before he obeyed his leader's unchivalrous last order. Hitler and his gang, Stalin and his barbarians, will be broken and shown up at last, not by a war of words but by the courage and co-operation and action of the sane world leagued at last effectively, not to frame phrases and formulæ but to play the part of men.

THE OLD STAGER

UNDAMAGED IN GENERAL OUTLINE, THE "GRAF SPEE" RIDES IN MONTEVIDEO HARBOUR: This picture shows that in general silhouette the battleship showed no visible signs of the fight she had just been through. This shows three of the big 11-in. guns, outwardly undamaged, despite that the *Graf Spee's* captain stated that the fire control had been damaged

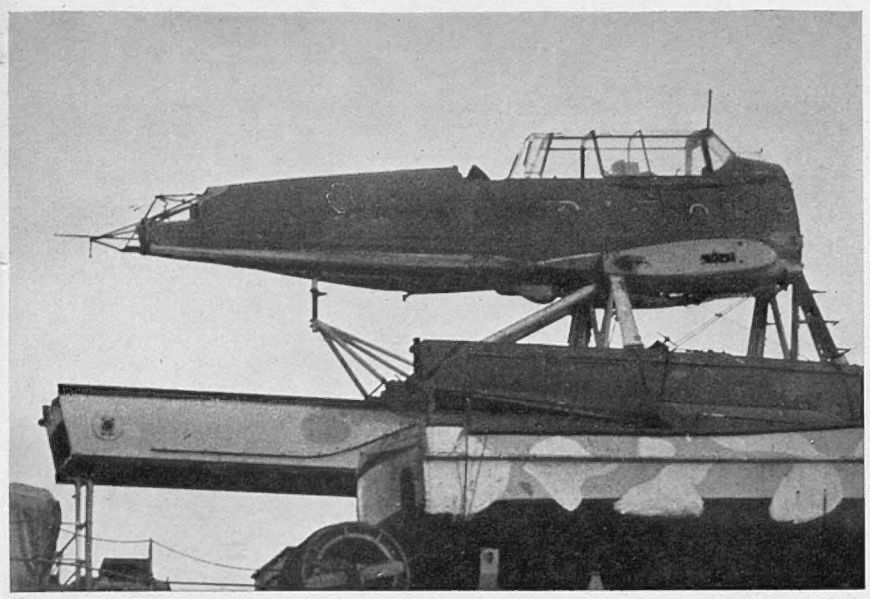
EVIDENCE OF DAMAGE TO THE "GRAF SPEE'S" HULL: This picture (taken on Thursday, December 14) shows the actual holes on the water line. Some of them are actually lapped by the water of the harbour. The black marks are stains from shell explosions

THE BIGGEST EXTERNAL DAMAGE was this black rent in the upper part of the port side of the *Graf Spee*. The blackened plating is all bent outwards. The force of the explosion must have come from within—there is no external splattering on the smooth plating

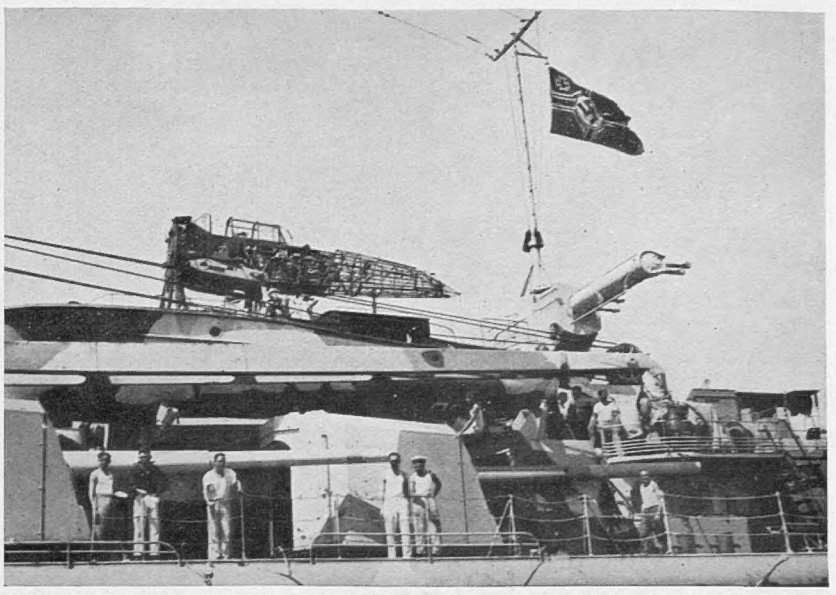
AT MONTEVIDEO GERMAN RESIDENTS AND SEA CAPTAINS SALUTED THE DEAD: The thirty-six dead on the *Graf Spee* were taken ashore for burial—evidence of the results of the British ships' attack. Loss of personnel was one of the reasons for running into neutral waters

FIRST PICTURES of the "GRAF SPEE" in MONTEVIDEO

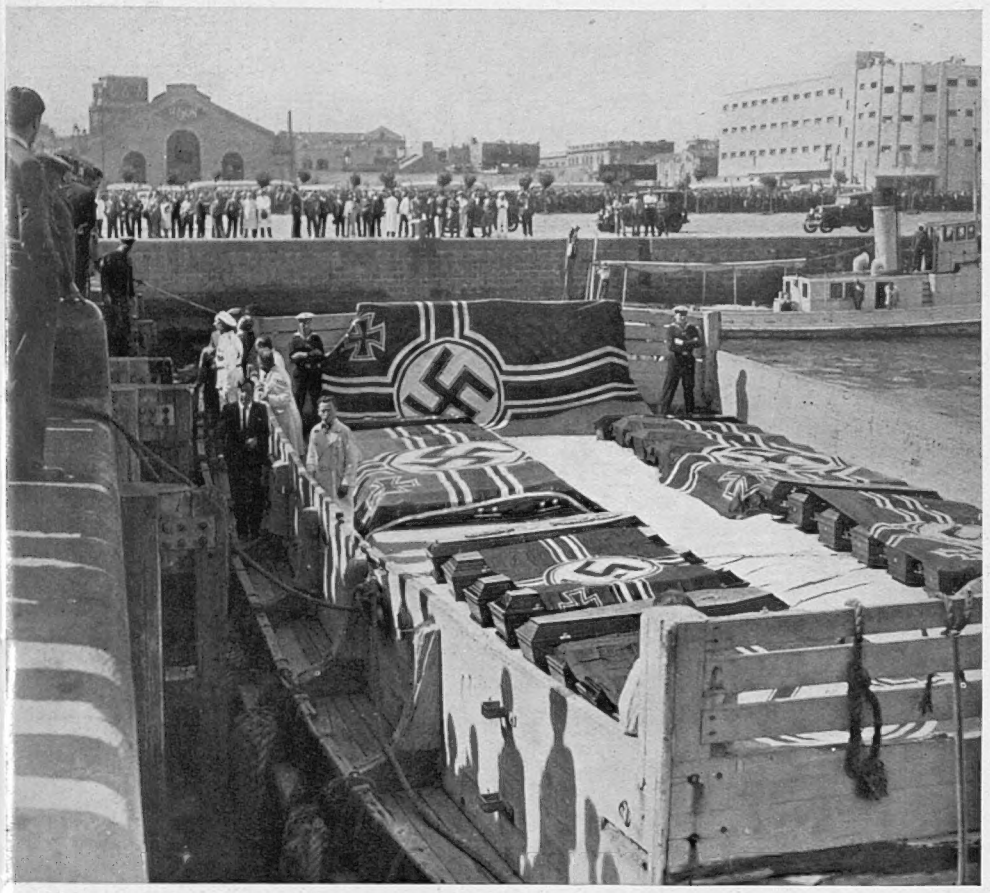
Flown by Air from South America, these Pictures Show the Surprisingly Small Damage Exhibited by the Pocket Battleship



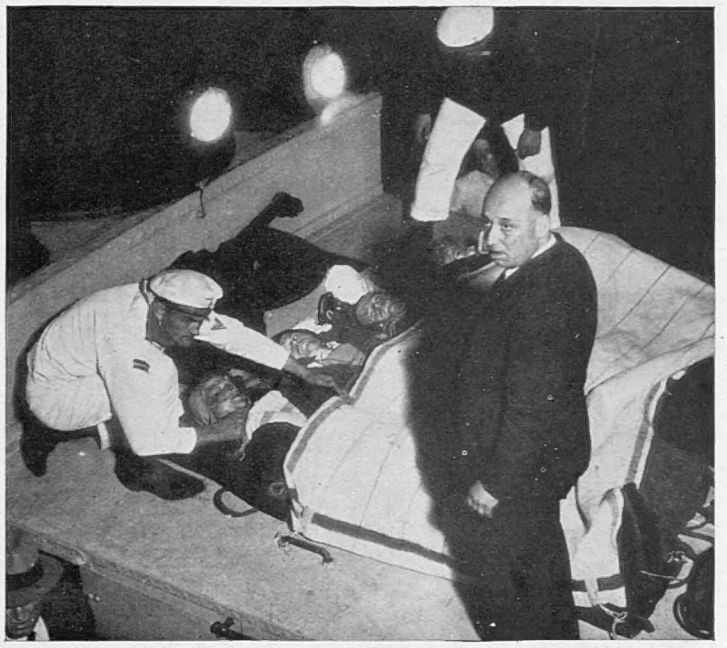
THE DAMAGE TO THE SEAPLANE is borne out by documentary photographic evidence. The plane was still on its catapult mechanism but the tail and propeller had gone



SECONDARY BATTERY AND BIG RANGE-FINDERS UNDAMAGED: Another view of the *Graf Spee* as she appeared on the day after the fight

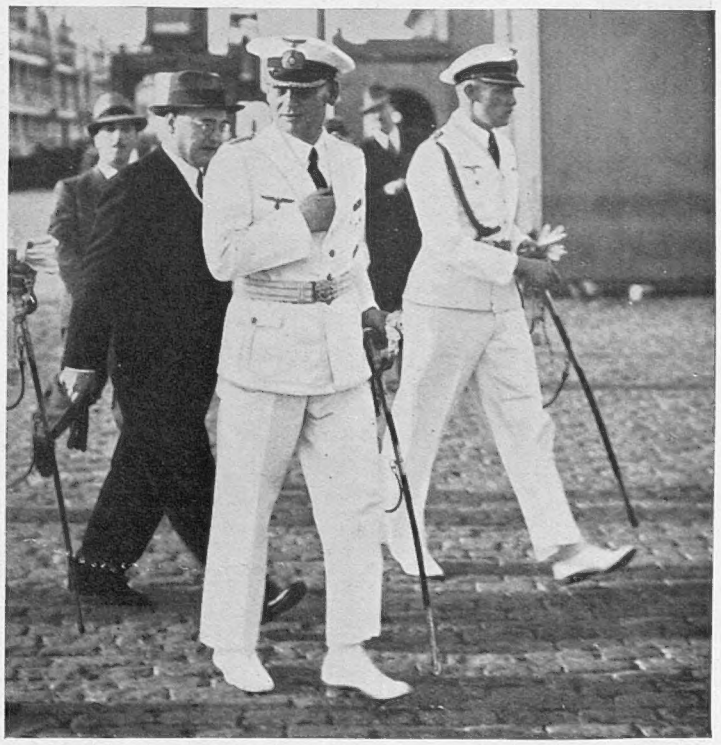


COVERED BY BIG GERMAN NAVAL FLAGS, the dead from the *Graf Spee* were conveyed to the harbour side in big lighters. The flags all bore the Nazi Swastika symbol and the Iron Cross emblem



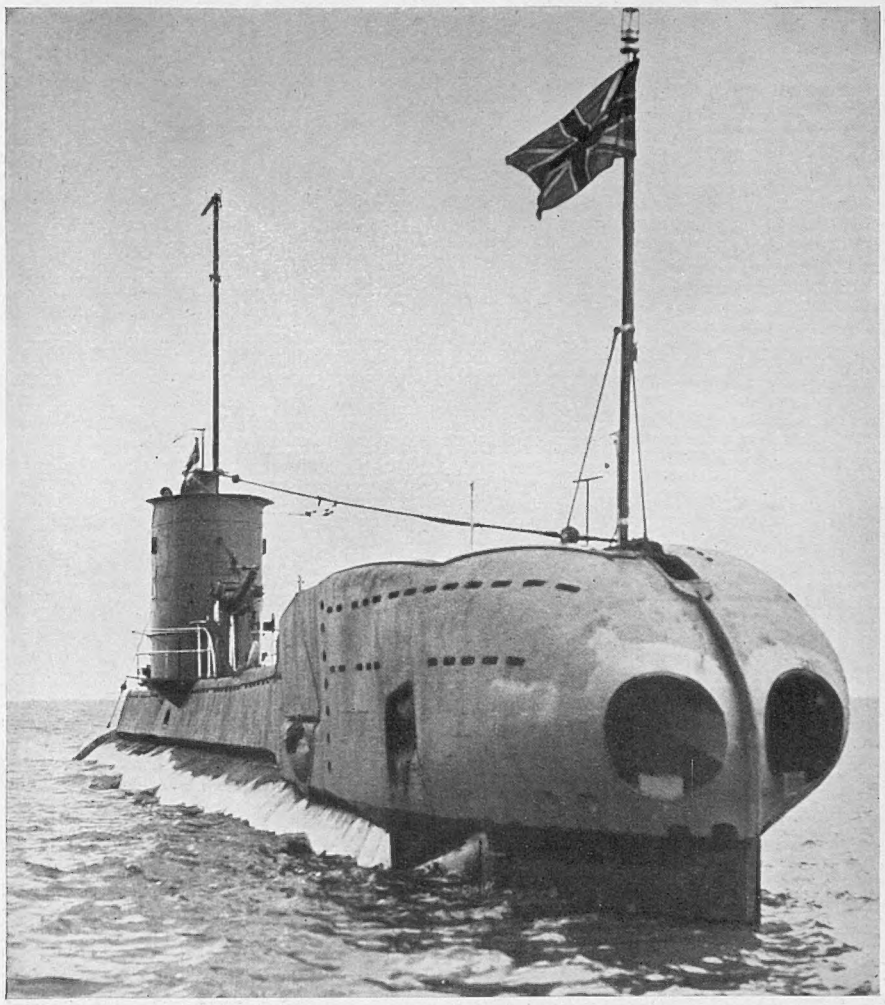
THE WOUNDED ALSO WERE CARRIED ASHORE AT MONTEVIDEO and received every attention in the local Uruguayan hospitals. The number of seriously wounded taken ashore was sixty

THE BRITISH CAPTAINS LEAVE THE "GRAF SPEE": One of the most remarkable experiences befell these men; they were prisoners aboard the German battleship and heard, although they did not see, the results of the sea fight. They cheered when shells hit the *Graf Spee*. One concussion put out the lights, but they were able to count the number of hits (thirteen) by the concussions



THE "GRAF SPEE'S" CAPTAIN LANDS AT MONTEVIDEO to interview the Uruguayan authorities. He is here seen (in centre) with the German Minister and Naval Attaché as he landed after the vessel's arrival. He evidently desired to put his vessel into fighting trim

ON Wednesday of this week, the first reliable photographic evidence of the condition of the famous pocket battleship *Graf Spee* reached "The Sphere" offices. We print here a selection of the more important. That certain serious damage was done internally is evident from the big shell hole on the port side, but externally the ship's multitudinous fittings seemed to be in good condition



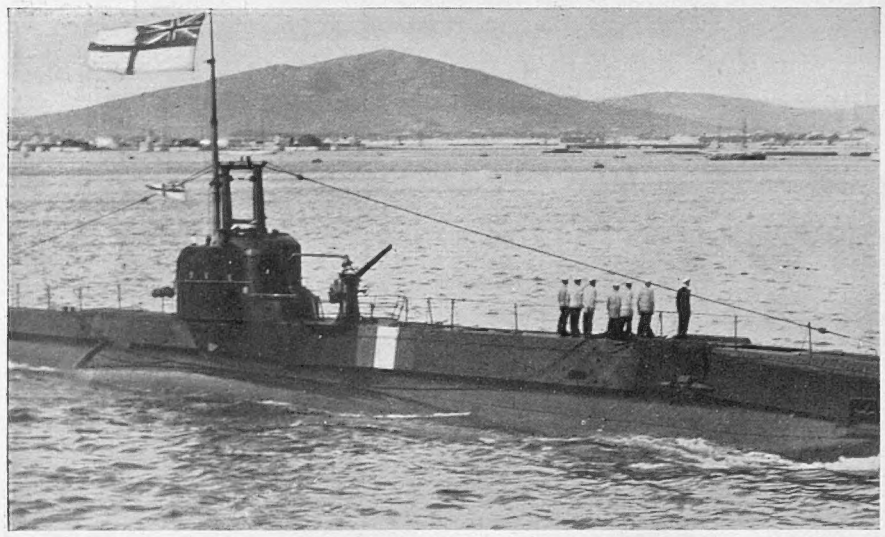
THE SPLENDID RECORD OF TWO BRITISH SUBMARINES, THE "URSULA" AND "SALMON," AS RECORDED BY THE FIRST LORD

Mr. Winston Churchill in a broadcast message last week said: "The exploits of H.M. Submarine *Salmon* (*seen below*) are remarkably praiseworthy in the highest degree. First she blew to pieces by a volley of torpedoes one of the larger German U-boats. On Thursday she hit one 6,000-ton cruiser with one torpedo and the second cruiser of equal size with two. Now to-day H.M. Submarine *Ursula* (*seen above*) reports that on the 14th she sank a 6,000-ton cruiser of the Koeln class although it was surrounded by German destroyers"

THE SUPREME COUNCIL

THE KING INSPECTS NAVAL UNITS AND TRAWLERS LAST WEEK

On His Majesty's first visit to Plymouth during his reign, he inspected the naval command. The crew were drawn up in the forecastle of a warship when this picture was taken



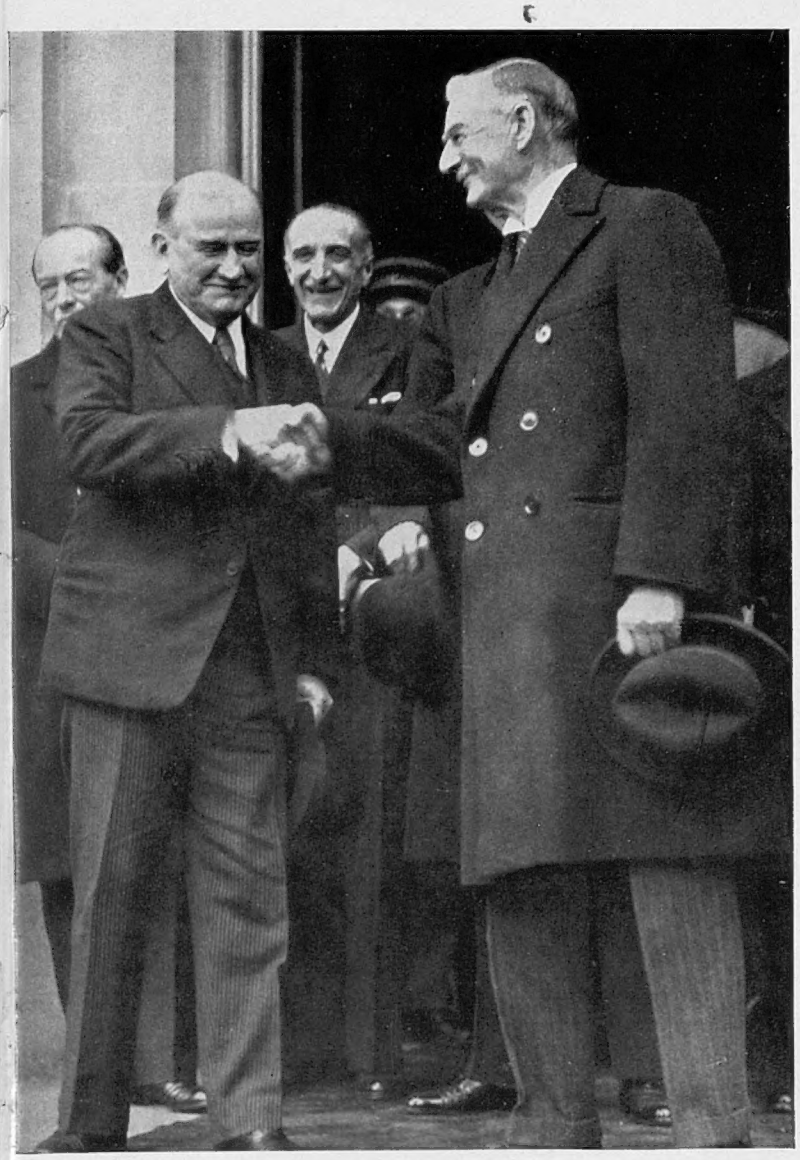
NEWFOUNDLAND FISHERMEN ARRIVE IN ENGLAND TO MAN BRITISH MINESWEEPERS

A total of 190 fishermen from Newfoundland have landed in Britain, forming the Empire's first contingent of men to join the Royal Navy. All of them are bachelors and hardy fisher-folk from the fog-bound waters round Belle Isle

THE FRENCH NAVAL COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF, FIRST ADMIRAL OF THE FLEET, VISITS ENGLAND

Admiral of the Fleet Darlan, first Frenchman to hold that rank, Commander-in-Chief of the French Navy, arrived at a British naval port aboard a French destroyer on a visit to England. The Admiral was met by the Commander-in-Chief, Portsmouth

MEETS : *The King Reviews Naval Units : The Thames Estuary Barrage : The Newfoundlanders Arrive*



THE SUPREME FRANCO-BRITISH COUNCIL BROUGHT MR. CHAMBERLAIN AND M. DALADIER TOGETHER IN PARIS LAST WEEK

The whole situation, military and political, as it now stands between the two nations was reviewed by the assembled Council and complete agreement as to policy and action was the note of the session

THE NEW BALLOON BARRAGE IN THE THAMES ESTUARY

This floating mobile balloon barrage is a powerful inducement to Germans to refrain from coming below its level and will hamper the laying of mines from the air. It is impossible to see at night and very often hidden in cloud. Mines dropped from a considerable altitude cannot be "placed" accurately in the areas desired. The employment of parachutes would merely increase the error. Cold wind and rough water make the duties of these balloon sections extremely arduous. Each vessel has a balloon platform, winch, stack of hydrogen tubes, and a balloon crew of four, in addition to the crews of the vessels

REPRESENTING THE MILITARY SIDE IN PARIS WERE MANY GENERALS, INCLUDING SIR EDMUND IRONSIDE

M. Guy la Chambre, M. Champelier de Ribes, General Gamelin, and Admiral Darlan were at the Supreme War Council with Lord Halifax, Lord Chatfield, Sir Alexander Cadogan and others

THE STAFF WHICH WILL GUARD THE THAMES ESTUARY WITH BARRAGE BALLOONS

The group includes left to right—Air Vice-Marshal O. T. Boyd, Air Commodore W. G. Guilfoyle, Wing-Commander G. Aiste, Air Commodore J. B. Bowen

WHAT WE HAVE ACHIEVED: AND THE OUTLOOK FOR 1940

The B.E.F. Firmly Established in the Line; and the Arrival of Our Canadian Allies (The Strategy of the War—XIV)

By GENERAL SIR CHARLES HARINGTON, G.C.B., G.B.E., D.S.O., D.C.L.

AS I write (and, owing to the Christmas holiday, this article was written a few days ago) our first troops from France are arriving on leave. Although they have not as yet had to endure the hardships and casualties which the old Army of 1914 had to endure, they have not had too easy a time, and we rejoice to think they are getting a spell of leave amongst their families and friends.

To us in this country and to me as an old soldier, it is very pleasing to see on every side these soldiers being trained. I have a very warm spot in my heart for the officers and men of our Anti-Aircraft Defence Service who have for the past four months sat day and night in our fields, looking out for enemy aircraft, always with their eyes to the sky and their fingers on their anti-aircraft guns and searchlights. Their life must be a multiple of boredom.

The Prime Minister has said in France that he would rather be bored than bombed, and with that the majority of us will agree. But I am not sure that all of those who spend their days and nights just waiting in the fields will agree. They want to hit something. I write from Eastbourne, and only last night I met a man who spends four nights a week watching from Beachy Head. I can think of no more horrible task.

As regards our Army in France, everything I hear is good. Some are in the line alongside our French comrades and are enjoying their night prowling. From all accounts, the rest of the B.E.F. in rear is in right good form and quite ready for anything which may happen. The delay in active operations has been invaluable to us, and we must never forget it. In the last war we were just hurled into battle. We suffered terribly but we stuck it out. Only very highly trained and disciplined troops could have withstood it, but we did. Our troops of those days deserve enormous credit. I remember well that in the first battle of Ypres, when we were very desperately pressed, the 50th Northumbrian Division, just arrived in France, were actually sent up to Ypres in buses and de-bussed right into this action—the defence of Ypres—a very high trial for any troops.

My summary of the Army to-day is that we have our B.E.F. firmly established in France, well fed, housed as well as can be expected, well supplied, in good heart and spirit, and ready for whatever may happen.

The doings of the Royal Air Force fill us full of hope. Whether attacking enemy bases, guiding our convoys, sinking enemy ships, or attacking enemy minelayers, it is the same. Just a record of grand pluck and determination. One must be proud, one cannot fail to be, of these young pilots who stop at nothing. They are just determined to defeat the enemy, to bomb his harbours, to down his minelaying machines, to chase off his raiders, to drive him from our shores. We have every reason to be proud of the gallant part played so far by the R.A.F.

We then come to the part played by the Royal Navy. There is not a heart in England that has not been thrilled by the story of the *Graf Spee*. It was just England and the Empire at their best. Only recently we had been thrilled by the grand fight put up by the *Rawalpindi* against terrific odds, and later we had these three cruisers, *Exeter*, *Ajax* and *Achilles*, with only eight-inch or six-inch guns against eleven-inch, taking on the *Graf Spee* without a moment's hesitation, and driving her to seek refuge in Montevideo Harbour. In itself a glorious record, but what a fearful sequel.

It must have been humiliating enough for her to be driven into port at Montevideo by British ships with guns of much smaller calibre; but as the reply of a great nation, to make the clear decision not to fight under any circumstances, even with 11-in. guns, is humiliation indeed. Only one policy—that of "scuttle"—and apparently ordered by Hitler himself. I think that Hitler's language on the telephone must have been quite clear. We are used to making ourselves clear to telephone operators by saying D for "Don," N for "Nellie," etc., but Hitler seems to hold the field by his invariable S for "scuttle." That seems to be his universal code.

Except for his order, as reported, to scuttle the *Graf Spee*, Hitler has been comparatively quiet lately. Whether he is waiting on the progress of his friend in Finland or on the result of his mines at sea, we do not know, but it is evident that his friend has not found things too easy in Finland. The Finns have, up to the time of writing, put up a very gallant defence, and the Russians are finding it a very different proposition to their advance against the Poles. Operations in a temperature 43 degs. below freezing point just appal one. During this fighting, Hitler remains quiet in his shell like a snail. He is probably hatching fearful things, possibly an attack on London.

He will stop at nothing, and as they say in Ireland, "I wouldn't put it past him." And mentioning Ireland and snails I must relate a story of our two Irish maids, sisters, who have been with us for nearly twenty-five years. A great many years ago they rushed into us to tell us that the garden was full of "Sheiligabookies," at which we naturally thought that the Fenians had arrived, and that our last moments had come, but on inquiry as to what was meant by "Sheiligabookie," we were told it was Irish and short for snail! Is Hitler a "Sheiligabookie," remaining in his shell till spring? He may be. He cannot be very happy.

Knowing full well the great nation we are up against and their great staying power and willingness to endure privation, I say nothing lightheartedly. We have a long way to go before we can break their hearts.

It is true that Hitler cannot be happy as regards the achievements of his Air Force, of which so much was expected. His machines have clearly been both outpaced and outmanœuvred. This must have been a blow, especially when he knows that the most tremendous reinforcement in machines and pilots is on its way to us from all our great Dominions, and that our air production is far beyond anything for which we ever hoped. That must make him think, and our output of submarines and chasers must also make him think, as his own shipping gradually disappears from the seas.

On land, his forces are bogged. As announced a few days ago by Mr. Winston Churchill, the Canadians have arrived. There are lots more to come. The full force of our Dominions, the full force of the great Air Forces of our Dominions, are within sight. He never reckoned on this. He never thought, based on Ribbentrop's advice, that this would happen. He didn't think that England would fight. He certainly never thought that her great Dominions would join in without a moment's hesitation. He must see, as we all see, this great feeling of "a will to win" developing. It grows stronger every day. Let us all, at the end of this year and on the eve of the next, say to ourselves that we have much to be thankful for. Time has been on our side.

We have had time to tranship our B.E.F. to France, to install it in close contact with our Allies, to ensure that the arrangements for its supply and maintenance will work smoothly. Our B.E.F. is now ready and prepared for whatever may happen. Every day has been a day of gain to us. The R.A.F. has made its position more clear each day. It is there and has no fear whatever of the enemy. It has earned and holds the upper hand.

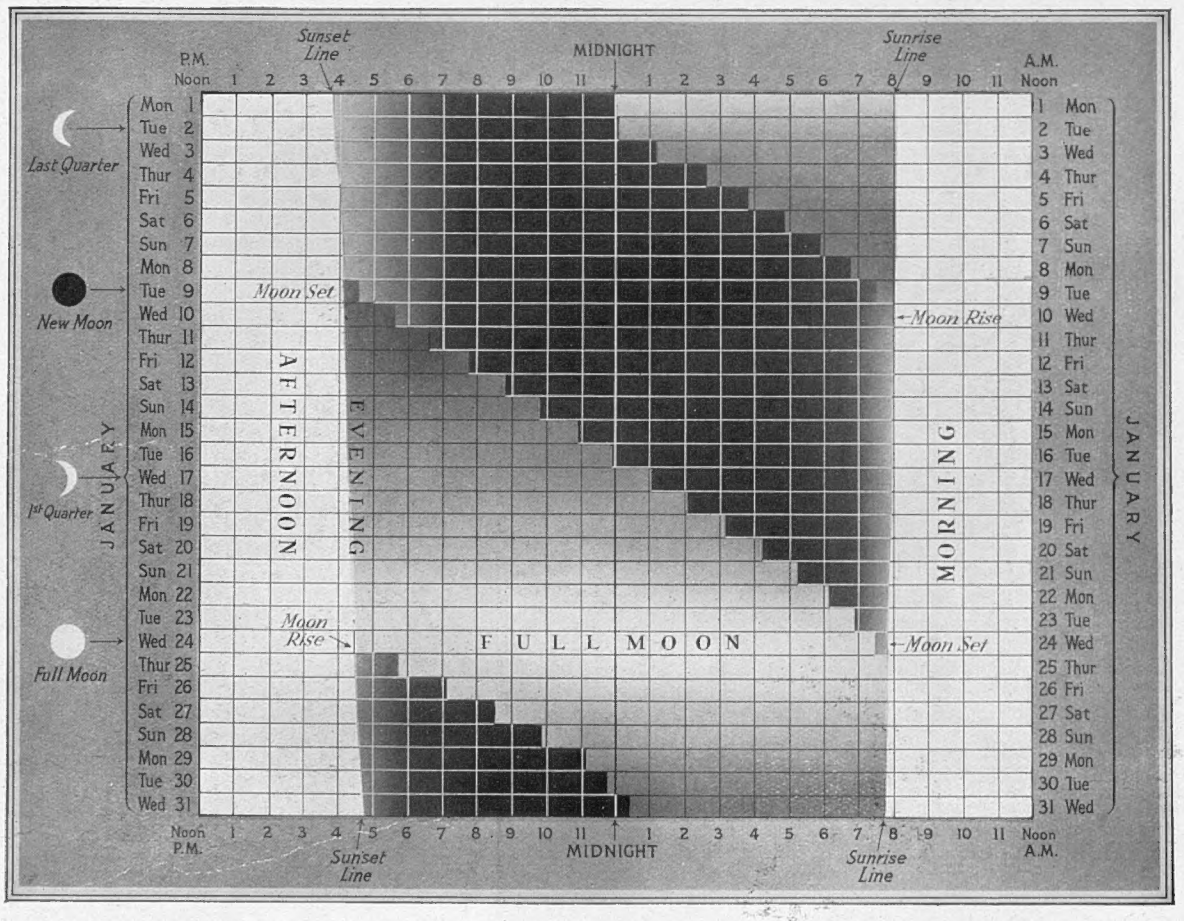
The Navy, assisted by the Mercantile Marine, just gains each day. As Mr. Winston Churchill said, we have to be prepared to face losses, and we are. These losses of our own and neutral ships hurt us, but they are really infinitesimal when one thinks of the vast amount of ships on the sea. Our recent successes at sea, both by our cruisers and smaller craft, leave us in no doubt as to the future supremacy of the seas. It is true that Germany will last out for a long time, but our gradual blockade and denial to Germany of things of which she has need, must tell in the end. It will take time. It must.

As I write, I think that we can enter 1940 with the knowledge that we are on the upgrade. Both in our forces and in our economic position I think we are on top. We are daily depriving Germany of what she needs to get by sea. She has other means with which we cannot interfere.

It may be that the centre of gravity of the whole war will be transferred. It may be that south-east Europe may come into the picture before long. There are many possibilities. Russia will always be a problem, and we do not know and shall not know the arrangements made between Stalin and Hitler. One can hardly think that Hitler visualised the entire control of the Baltic States and Finland passing to Russia.

Our task, however, is the defeat of Germany, Hitler and Hitlerism. It is a big task and will be a long one. Do not let us be led away by the idea that it will be easy. It will not be. The German nation fights to the end and always has. We enter 1940 with the knowledge that we have done well, and we have much for which to be thankful, by sea, land and air, and above all, we have a united nation behind us, and the grand support of our great Dominions.

The arrival of the Canadians warms my heart. In the last war I was their first Chief of Staff, when the Canadian Corps was formed in France, under General Alderson, and, later, under General Sir Julian Byng. I was with them in the Ypres salient for eighteen months, and shall never forget those splendid fellows. Many of them, no doubt, have come over again. I think 1940 is going to be a momentous year in our history. We can, and will, face it with confidence.



"THE SPHERE'S" MOONLIGHT CHART FOR JANUARY

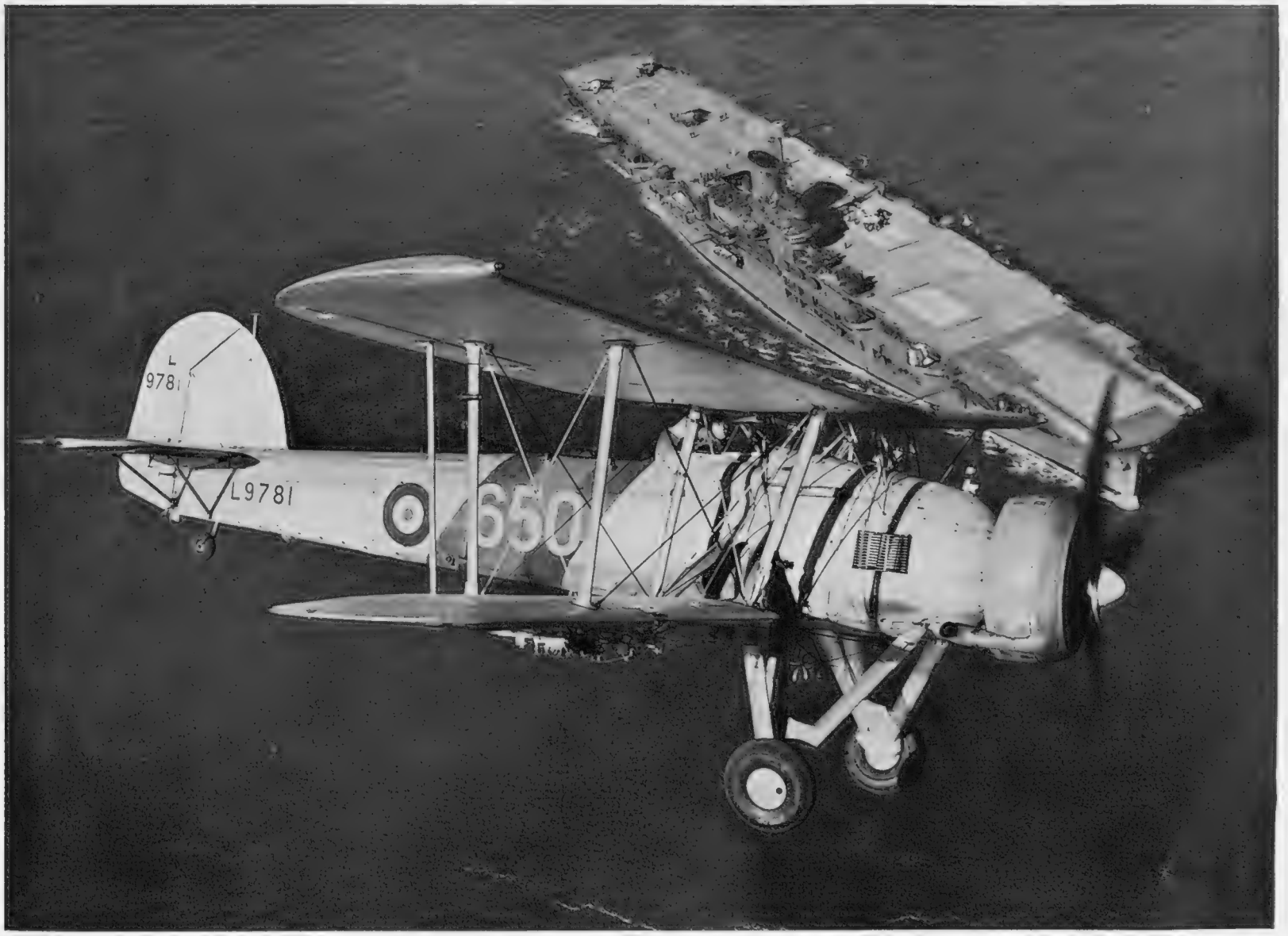
In response to numerous requests from our readers, we propose, at the opening of each month during 1940, to publish a "moonlight chart" for their guidance. Readers will, by this, be familiar with the method employed to indicate the amount of light in the sky after sunset; according to the heaviness or lightness on the chart, so will there be a corresponding amount of visibility. To find the actual hour of moonrise or moonset for any given date it is only necessary to follow the zig-zag lines across the chart

SPECIAL FLEET AIR ARM SECTION

The NAVY'S AIR SCOUTS

The Work of the Fleet Air Arm in Patrolling the Sea Coasts of Britain

A BOMBER-RECONNAISSANCE AIRCRAFT OVERHAULING A DESTROYER AS THE PLANE LEAVES THE AIRCRAFT-CARRIER: This picture well symbolises the two principal enemies of the submarine and the mine-layer in the waters around the coasts of Britain. Aeroplane and destroyer work in the closest conjunction when on patrol; and very many successes have been registered by the Fleet Air Arm in their conflicts with German raiders. It will be noticed in the above picture that the gunner-observer faces rearwards—for greater preparedness and for better range of vision. Navigation plays a very large part in the training of pilots and observers in the Fleet Air Arm; and navigational problems are more complicated and more difficult than is the case with landplanes



THE AIRCRAFT-CARRIER AS THE NAVAL PILOT SEES IT: A Fairey Swordfish reconnaissance plane circling its floating home preparatory to landing on the flight deck

The Fleet Air Arm—once a branch of the Royal Air Force—is the Navy's latest establishment. It is only a few months since that the Arm became a part of the Royal Navy, and its aeroplanes, seaplanes and personnel now live mostly in aircraft-carriers and the larger men-of-war; the latter carrying catapults for projecting the aircraft into the air, whilst the former, of course, have large, wide decks on which the planes land and take off. The work of the Fleet Air Arm is continuous and arduous; it embraces practically every form of aerial activity at sea, and is providing the most effective answers to the German submarine campaign, the mine-layers and the aircraft raider. The coming of the aircraft-carrier has very largely altered the aspect of the air war at sea. From the hastily improvised carriers of bygone years, the British Navy now boasts a number of these specialised vessels, chief of which is the *Ark Royal*. This vessel, whose sinking was claimed by the Germans, is now in South Atlantic waters. H.M.S. *Ark Royal*, of 22,000 tons, is the first big carrier built expressly for the job, all previous ships having been converted or adapted after being laid down for other purposes. Her complement of 1,550 officers and men is the largest of any ship in the Navy; she is capable of carrying about seventy aircraft in her two hangars

WITH WINGS NEATLY FOLDED, THE WALRUS AMPHIBIANS ARE HOUSED IN THEIR PORT AND STARBOARD HANGARS ON THE DECK OF A BIG BRITISH CRUISER

The naval cruiser of to-day now carries, on its own deck, its own aircraft. On the big vessels there are usually two hangars—one to port and one to starboard. Here a couple of amphibians are housed, with folded wings, yet instantly accessible and capable of taking off within a very few minutes when needed. From the decks of a cruiser, the aircraft is invariably catapulted as there is no room for a long take-off run, unlike the aircraft-carrier.

When returning to its parent ship, its floats, alongside the cruiser and In the above very striking picture it in which the Walrus's wings are amidships, ready for use by the crew the necessary equipment of the

STOWING AWAY the EYES of the NAVY

The Amphibian Aircraft of the Fleet Air Arm in Their Hangars on Board a British Cruiser

THE COMPLICATED MECHANISM OF THE CATAPULT, WHEREBY AEROPLANES ARE LAUNCHED FROM THE CRUISER'S DECK

Unlike the aircraft-carrier, specially built for its purpose, the cruiser has very little spare space; consequently the take-off of aircraft has to be assisted by catapult. This is a very complicated apparatus; with the plane's engine running flat out, by the time the aircraft has reached the end of the catapult it ha already attained flying speed. In this picture note specially the "step" at the bottom of the float, by means of which the plane lifts itself from the drag of the water when taking off from the sea

he aircraft alights on the water, on is then hauled on board by derrick. is interesting to observe the manner folded; and also the three rafts of the ship in case of emergency; all rafts is neatly stacked nearby

On right—

THE WALRUS AMPHIBIAN BEING BROUGHT OUT OF ITS HANGAR IN READINESS FOR A PATROL FLIGHT OVER THE NORIH SEA

This aircraft is made by the same firm who make the famous Spitfire; it was adopted by the Admiralty in 1935. In addition to floats, the Walrus has a retractable under-carriage for alighting on the land. Its cruising speed is comparatively slow—97 m.p.h.—and its range is 600 miles

On left—

ON BOARD THE AIRCRAFT-CARRIER—HAWKER OSPREYS RANGED ON DECK READY TO TAKE OFF

On the aircraft-carrier everything has been sacrificed to secure as large and uninterrupted landing area as possible. The bridge and every other obstacle have been pushed to one side, so that aircraft can land and take off with the greatest ease. The stowage of the planes is by lift to hangars 'tween decks

BRITAIN'S LARGEST AIRCRAFT-CARRIER

H.M.S. *Illustrious*, largest aircraft-carrier built for the Royal Navy, was launched in April last from the Barrow-in-Furness yards of Vickers-Armstrong. She is the first of six similar craft; she has a displacement of 25,000 tons, is 753 ft. long, and will carry (when fully completed) about seventy aircraft; her speed is expected to be over 31 knots. This picture, taken at her launching, shows the peculiar bow construction of the new vessel

THE NAVY THAT FLIES

The Fleet Air Arm in Action

BY "NAVAL EYE-WITNESS"

THE Fleet Air Arm was once a branch of the Royal Air Force. The Navy contributed three-quarters of the pilots and all the observers; it was administered by the Air Force ashore, and by the Navy when it served afloat. This arrangement worked very well because it worked on unbounded good will; but it had certain disadvantages and in due course the Fleet Air Arm ceased to be a branch of the Royal Air Force. It is now a part of the Royal Navy, and it lives mostly in aircraft-carriers and the larger men-of-war that carry aircraft and the catapults for projecting them into the air.

Now in certain parts of the coast there is a great deal of co-operation between the Air Force and the Navy. If you remember, they gave a demonstration of this some weeks ago when a convoy escorted by the Navy was attacked by German bombers. The Air Force fighters came whistling out from the coast like a stream of machine-gun bullets in defence of the convoy. Twelve enemy machines took part in that attack. Only five returned to Germany.

At one of the points where the two services are in close touch, a squadron of Fleet Air Arm fighters on board an aircraft-carrier recently got orders to fly off and take a spell ashore. I think the idea was to give them a rest because they had had a lot of gruelling fights and had accounted for a German bomber, and possibly to give them opportunities for certain specialised training.

Working in conjunction with the Air Force they instituted a continuous naval patrol across a part of the North Sea from dawn to dusk. One day was very like another except that sometimes the fog came rolling in from the sea, and unless the visibility was too low for flying or they intercepted an enemy reconnaissance or bombing machine, one patrol was very like another. This squadron of Fleet Air Arm fighters is carrying out, day after day, what I shared with them for a few hours.

I seem to remember in the last war that there was a good deal of rather feverish, almost macabre, gaiety among the fighting pilots along the front. They made jokes about death. I haven't noticed any of that in this war. I thought they all looked soberly cheerful. Much the same expressions framed by the leather helmets and lit by the flame of the hurricane lamp as I could recall on the faces in a changing room on one of the United Services playing fields before a rather important football match. There was an occasional mild joke, but it wasn't about death. Then one by one, burdened by the harness, they went squelching through the mud towards the landing ground where the fighters were drawn up.

A bank of grey low-lying cloud hung overhead; beyond the edge of the cliffs the sea was visible for a mile and then was obscured by mist. There was a silvery brightness above the mist to the eastward; it was reflected in the puddles; the cold wind blowing off the land, carrying silvery wisps of rain across the aerodome, smelt of heather and the hills.

The engines were being warmed through—that meant that the naval fighting machines drawn up a little to seaward of the ranks of R.A.F. machines, were roaring like all the bulls of Bashan. Each pilot and observer walked to his allotted machine. Two of them stopped to exchange a remark, which was drowned by the deafening roar of the engines in the slip-stream where normal speech is, of course, an impossibility. The speaker reached out for the tube of the other's headphone and spoke into it. The observer did the same and they both laughed. They were finishing a conversation they started in the hut; in that rush of air and uproar it was their secret. We climbed up into our cockpits. They were all two-seater fighters.

One observer was so obviously unfamiliar with the situation that a member of the maintenance personnel—a cheerful red-faced person with little drops of rain on his eyebrows—leant over the edge of the cockpit and demonstrated a few essentials such as the stowage of the parachute, the switches of the wireless telephone that connected the machine with the base, the release gear of the gun, how the strap clipped you into your seat. After that he grinned and wished me a happy landing and disappeared. And then the roaring grew a little louder and the ground flowed bumpily away beneath us, turned in a wide circle and receded.

It was quite far beneath us by the time I had finished fiddling about with my straps and switches and trays of machine-gun ammunition and looked over the edge to see what was happening. It was doing funny things—the earth we had left behind—tilting on edge a bit, and a mare and her foal in a field and some sheep on the edge of a cliff seemed quite unconscious that they were grazing at a most impossible angle; and there was a rushing wind that sang in the wires and a rather queer feeling of lightness in the region of the tummy.

I screwed my head round and saw the other fighters, quite close to us. Their movement was like that of boats, rising and dipping slightly on the surface of an invisible sea. The real sea was far beneath us, dark greenish grey, and then it faded. A little voice spoke in my earphone—a buzzing mumble. It was the pilot speaking. The cockpit was open to the air, and I didn't catch the words and became flustered. It was probably something important. "I beg your pardon, I didn't quite catch that." "Keep a good look-out."

That was what we were there for, of course. Somewhere out of the cloud-mountains to the south-east, or out of the blue of space, a speck might appear, or a cluster of specks, and we should be after them full split. And death would be abroad in that sunny emptiness. It was queer to think of death, up there in all that peace.

Occasionally disaster comes to one of our machines. One of the pilots—I think he is the youngest fighting pilot in the Fleet Air Arm—had engine trouble when on patrol over the North Sea the other day. Down he came from 10,000 ft.—planing down in the direction of a trawler he remembered seeing earlier. He hit the water at 90 miles an hour, slap into a 15 ft. swell, about 3 miles from the trawler. Another fighter in his patrol saw him going down and followed him through the clouds. The trawler's crew were below decks, and to attract their attention the undamaged plane circled round, discharging an occasional burst of machine-gun fire. The ship's crew decided reasonably enough that they were being attacked by a German machine and stayed below.

In the meantime the machine still floated. The pilot and his observer climbed out and although very shaken they managed to launch their collapsible dinghy; but that in some way became entangled with the tail of the machine, and the pilot in trying to free it got his hand nipped in the hinge of the rudder. So there he was up to his waist in icy water, clamped by his wrist to a machine that at any moment might cock up her tail and dive to the bottom.

The other fighter was circling helplessly overhead, and her strange behaviour reassured the trawler's crew. They came up on deck and finally sighted the wreckage of the plane. Stoking for all they were worth, they came rushing to the rescue and hauled the observer and the pilot on board.

THE SHIP THE GERMANS SANK—BY RADIO!

The wonderful stern of the *Ark Royal*, aircraft-carrier. This vessel—despite its sinking by the Germans—is now in South Atlantic waters, according to a recent report from Cape Town

THE ARMY OF FRANCE

Which Is So Gallantly Holding the Great Fortified Line in the North-east

Pictures from the Maginot Line and from the Forward Trench Defences held by the French

LUNCHEON HOUR IN THE HIDDEN GALLERIES OF THE MAGINOT LINE

For days, weeks, or months the French poilus can live in comfort deep in the Maginot Line. Here is a group of N.C.O.s having lunch. Notice the double layer of cots, with a shelf on top for attaché cases, papers and personal belongings. Even indoors the men like to stick to the popular *béret Basque*, which is the regular head-wear of the men of the Fortress Regiments

SIXTY FEET BELOW THE GROUND—LUNCH UNDER THE EYE OF THE N.C.O.

Sixty feet below the surface of the ground the French soldiers take their lunch in a corridor, while a warrant officer No. 2, the equivalent of our company sergeant-major, looks on. There is electric lighting (and sunlight ray cubicles), the men may smoke, and prominent in the picture is a bottle of wine, which, quite rightly one may guess, contains *red* wine

SOMETHING RATHER TASTY

An alfresco luncheon just behind the line. Again the beret of the infantry of the fortress troops. The bearded soldier is typical of the older troops. The men enjoy their meals and the life. Some of them have put on as much as a stone in weight in three months. This is a member of the Labour Corps

A GAME OF CARDS FAR BELOW THE SURFACE

Note that beards are popular, especially those with a thin growth of hair down the cheeks. The card game is *bélote*, which is very popular and universal with the troops of France. It is a game for two, three, or four players, but there are always excited spectators and partisans. The bearded fellow with the pipe in the background looks as though he has just noticed a good card to play

I LEARN MUCH ABOUT THE

HELMETED AND WEARING GROUND SHEETS, THE MEN MARCH FROM VILLAGE TO LINE

Prepared for the rain which has now fallen so plentifully, a detachment of French troops falls in, ready to march up to the front line. The capes which they wear are also their mackintosh sheets, and are lined also for use as blankets. At the side of the road can be seen the billets from which they have just come

A London Interview
Described by
NOEL THOMPSON

M. LE COMMANDANT was a broad, upright man of about fifty-five, with greying hair, fresh complexion, and a disarming smile.

As I had walked from the tube station towards his headquarters I had been turning over in my mind what questions I wanted to ask him. I did not want just figures and statistics about the French Army, which has been rightly called the finest army in the world. That would be an insult to a senior officer, as it could have been dealt with by a junior clerk.

M. le Commandant, who prefers to be called major in London, seemed to sense my hesitation. He pulled up a chair and said, "Come on, let's just talk about the French Army, and if I say anything interesting, then you can make a note of it."

I offered him my cigarette case, but he shook his head. "Gas," he remarked with a smile. I put the case away. "No, please smoke, I still like the smell," and he laughed.

It was much later in the conversation that he revealed what he was doing in London, and at the same time showed one of the secrets of the success of the French Army.

His own career before the last war was one of business. He spoke English perfectly and became a liaison officer with the British troops. Cambrai, Mons, the Somme, a couple of wounds, and then the Dardanelles as a "rest cure," back to France and then a year with the newly-arrived American troops, gassed, and then the peace. He parted from his liaison colleagues and said good-bye to the front line.

At the beginning of September this year he came to London, again in uniform. He was told to report to an office. There at the desk was another M. le Commandant.

It was his closest colleague of the last war, whom he had not seen since 1919. They were working together again at their old jobs. That is what I call organisation, and I commented on it.

"In France we turn over from peace to war like pulling a switch," he replied. "We have had enough practice! We all know what our jobs will be, even the civilians. My son was a youngster in business in Bradford. Of course he had done his military training, and was called up. He is a corporal in the front line, and at Christmas is hoping to get his first leave for nine months. My daughter is a first-class hospital nurse at the front. Only my old mother remains at home, and she is carrying on."

CEASELESSLY THEY TRAMP THE ROADS PAST OLD TIMBERED HOUSES . . .

Truly mobilisation in France is a simple matter. I was there and was amazed at the smoothness. Every man received his piece of paper, and quietly said good-bye and went off to his depot. He probably knew who most of his colleagues there would be. The young officers knew months ago where they would be posted and who *their* colleagues would be. The divisional and regimental officers in their headquarters could sit and number their officers, knowing their characteristics, their strong, or their weak points.

Through the compulsory army training every year, and the *écoles de perfectionnement*, which they must attend every three or four years, and can attend every year, they know each other.

It is like a well-oiled machine which has been taken to pieces and can be fitted together and put to work in no time. There is no need to "run in" the parts.

As for the women, they just take over naturally. I talked with one madame at a village estaminet. Her brother, her husband, and her two sons had left business and home. She had an old father, a veteran of 1870, to look after. She shrugged her shoulders, murmured something about "le maniac Hitler" and carried on.

I mentioned this to M. le Commandant. "Naturally. And the men? The

TRANSPORT DRAWN UP BEFORE AN ANCIENT FORTIFIED MANOIR

Ancient and modern: War transport drawn up outside a fifteenth-century chateau which has seen many battles in its time. Its architecture would tell the expert the area of country in which it stands. These old chateaux, manors, and large farms are proving valuable as local headquarters, especially in the wooded patches of country where the trees provide a natural camouflage from the air

ARMY OF FRANCE

And About the Life of the Men at the Front

signallers come mainly from the G.P.O.; the engineers from the factories, and the gunners, too. There are hundreds of square miles of land in France now evacuated. The soldiers have taken it over. They know the land, and are at home working it. Mind you, I have seen the Tommies just as happily at work on the farms."

The average age of the French soldier is about twenty-nine or thirty, which I should say is three or four years older than ours. Like the British he wants football as a relaxation, but our card games have never appealed very much to the poilu. His great game is *bélote*.

I should say this is rather like nap. Two, three or four men can play, but the spectators get almost as much fun as the players. Scoring is done up to 1,000 points and the stake might be fifty centimes, but it is more likely to be a glass of wine or beer. The officers also like *bélote*, but the chances are you will find them playing bridge.

QUITE A NEAT CONVEYANCE FOR ACTIVE SERVICE CONDITIONS

Hot soup and letters from home are brought up to just behind the lines by this very neat little two-wheeled cart. Horse-drawn, this vehicle is capable of covering quite a lot of muddy ground very quickly and very easily

They are now nearing the danger zone, and walk in single file with a few paces interval between each man. This is to lessen the risk of heavy loss from shell-fire or from enemy aeroplanes. The village has been evacuated. Field telephone posts carry the wires to the forward posts

The equivalent of the Y.M.C.A., for recreational purposes, are the huts of *Foyer du Soldat*, where there are writing materials, good, cheap food, cards, and perhaps the luxury of a table tennis set. These foyers, which are strictly non-denominational, are in the charge of directresses, middle-aged women who know what is wanted and how to run them, and also how to be a counsellor and friend. There are not too many of them, and I might mention their headquarters. La Direction Générale du Foyer du Soldat, 155 Rue de Rome, Paris, in case anyone feels generous.

And now for food. I should imagine that it is recognised that the French Army, if not better fed, is less extravagantly and more tastily fed than ours. The natural aptitude for cooking, the simpler tastes, make this possible. The British stand-bys of steak and chips, bacon and chips, and eggs and bacon are not so popular. (The British demand chips cut much thicker.)

Here is a typical French front-line menu. *Soupe au légumes, lentilles au jus, bœuf roti, fromage*, and, of course, crisp bread and wine to wash it down, which is both filling and nourishing. Certainly the latter, according to one French private, who joined when in fine fettle and in two months put on nearly a stone.

Like the British, the French rejoice in naming their tanks and guns. The guns get most feminine names and the bigger they are the more feminine and affectionate they seem to become. Napoleon wrote, "*Ce que la France a toujours eu du meilleur, c'est l'artillerie.*" The 1870 war found the French guns out of date, and the 1914 guns while magnificent were fewer than required.

This time no mistake has been made, and the Germans are in for a surprise. What is more, their mobility is amazing. Except for the very biggest guns, horses are still relied on and it seems to be a matter of a practical test to prove whether our complete mechanisation, or the French theory of the horse, is going to prove right.

My friend, M. le Commandant, thinks that the French theory is right, especially in mud. In this supplement the horse is in evidence. Had the pictures been taken in and behind the British lines it is doubtful whether a horse would have been seen.

Whoever is right, it is comforting to think we are fighting side by side with the finest army in the world, every man by nature and training a professional soldier. And a soldier who all his life has been trained to sacrifice.

"Imagine, in France every man goes through his training for very little pay. He must work enormously hard to pass his examinations if he wishes to become an officer, and must give up months of his time. And regularly he must go for his military training and keep up to date. All this time his civil business must not suffer. Every man takes it as a family tradition, a national tradition, for generations."

These then are our allies, in many ways poles apart; in one common aim identical.

OFF FROM THE FARM BILLETS AT THE CRACK OF DAWN

A French machine-gun crew, or half a section, moving up to an advanced post. The light carts are drawn by horses, though they can easily be man-handled when necessary, in the belief, strongly held, that in mud horses are more useful than the mechanised divisions which the B.E.F. prefer. Experience will show who is right. On the cart, besides the ammunition, goes as much of the soldiers' kit as it will hold

OUTSIDE THE VILLAGE ESTAMINET—FRENCH SOLDIERS MAKE FRIENDS WITH THE VILLAGE BELLES

Resting behind the lines, a group of French soldiers outside the estaminet find an audience of two young girls to whom to tell their experiences at the front. The troops enjoy their rest periods. On the right, leaning forward, is a perfect reproduction of Ignace, the young French recruit, as brilliantly acted in the French film of that name, a good-natured, witty, country type. Fernandel, who played Ignace, is, in fact, now at the front entertaining the troops

FRENCH ARTILLERY PARKED IN A VILLAGE SQUARE NEAR THE FRONT LINE

Just behind the front line the guns draw up in a village, making a warlike contrast with the peaceful peasant cottages in the background. These guns are 6·2 howitzers, with which the French army is well supplied and in which great faith is put. They have great penetrative power. The houses, only recently evacuated, provide comfortable billets for the troops

THE FRENCH ARMY BEHIND THE WESTERN LINE

In Village and Farmhouse the Troops Find Welcome Relief When They Come Up From the Maginot Line

FOOD ON THE HOOF FOR THE FRENCH ARMY, THE PROMISE OF "MUTTON FOR DINNER"

Future macon? Not likely. The French troops prefer mutton. It is easy to see how at home the French troops are in a country atmosphere. Many of them are farmers and farmers' sons, and readily turn to agricultural matters during the rest periods. Large areas of evacuated farm land just behind the lines are being ploughed and looked after by the French troops

THE VILLAGE STREET IS THRONGED WITH MILITARY AND BAGGAGE TRAINS

Here is an echelon and supply column of 6·2 howitzers breaking off for a rest after the day's march. Not a civilian to be seen in what was once a peaceful village street. The horses alone, which are used for drawing the guns as well as the supply carts, are the only reminders of the green fields which stretch away on either side of the village. This scene was taken only a few miles behind the front zone

HOLDING ADVANCED

Timber, Turf, Wire and Camouflage

A FRENCH OUTPOST KEEPS CONSTANT WATCH ON THE RHINE

It is from French outposts well in front of the main lines that most of the fighting has been done. "Local activity" and "outpost fighting" are two of the commonest phrases of the French communiqués. Here, partly camouflaged, three French soldiers keep watch across the Rhine. The centre soldier is standing on the roof of the entrance to their dug-out where for days and nights they take it in turns to feed and sleep, while colleagues keep a ceaseless watch

AVENUES AND ZONES OF BARBED WIRE PASS OVER HILL AND DALE

Barbed wire is going to play its part in this war almost as much as in the last. Here are French troops erecting a barricade against infantry which can be raked with rifle and machine-gun fire just behind the front line. On the left of the picture the light-coloured lines are the outlines of the front-line trenches zig-zagging across the sloping fields

DEEP IN THE FOREST ONE DISCOVERS A MASS OF FIR BOUGHS AND WICKER . . .

A company headquarters, camouflaged with spruce, on the outskirts of a small wood or clump of trees. A sentry stands on guard, ready to challenge all comers or maintain contact with battalion headquarters by field telephone. The hut is actually so well camouflaged that it is necessary to look closely at the picture to see that it runs some 40 ft. back into the trees

A LITTLE FARTHER ON IN THE WOOD THE SMOOTH BARREL OF A GUN . . .

A close-up of one of the French heavier guns in its camouflaged pit. What appear to be two girders in the foreground and background is actually the divided tail of the gun. This allows a field of fire of 30 deg. either side, or of 60 deg. in all. Thousands of such camouflaged gun pits bar a German advance

THE LINES

are all Employed

On left—**A WATCH-OUT POST IN ADVANCE OF THE MAGINOT LINE**

Typical of many such, this advanced post has been built on the outskirts of a small copse. Lightly wooded country, with plenty of cover, provides suitable terrain for the raiding parties. A rough barricade of wood and earth, a "floor" of young saplings bound together, to keep away the mud, provide a nest not easily discovered from which to pick off marauders

COMPLETING AN ADVANCED POST OUT IN THE OPEN

SOME LETTERS HAVE JUST ARRIVED AT THE WELL-HIDDEN POST

Near a regimental headquarters in the front line. Again a site on the fringe of trees has been chosen. Camouflage hides the roof of the little cottage in the background. An officer studies a map, while a colleague reads a report which a cyclist dispatch rider has just brought him. There is plenty of mud about, but the French troops take it all in their stride

WITH THE FRENCH SIGNAL CORPS

TESTING A WIRELESS POST

Sheltered in a wood, members of the French Signallers Corps gather round a field wireless set to receive a message. These sets work on a short wave, and have a considerable range

ORDERS COME OVER THE TELEPHONE WIRES

Company headquarters in the front line. A French captain kneels in the mud to receive a message while a colleague squats nearby to take it down

FIXING UP A MILITARY TELEGRAPH POST

Most of the French signallers were employed by the Post Office in peacetime, so that putting up telegraph posts is no new job to them

LAYING A TELEPHONE WIRE THROUGH THE FOREST

The vital link between H.Q. and the advanced posts. Hundreds of miles are laid and tested every day to ensure that communication is clear

On a Barricaded Road Near the Front

AN ADVANCED POST ON AN EXPOSED ROAD

A lonely sentry stands at his watch-out post on a country road "somewhere behind the Maginot Line." No one may pass without having credentials very carefully examined. Light barricades can be thrown across the road in a matter of seconds

"QUI VA LA?" EVERYONE APPROACHING THE WAR ZONE IS SCRUTINISED

The watch-out post turns out on a *route barrée* to examine the papers of a motorist who wishes to pass. Having received the O.K., he can proceed farther towards the front lines

THE GREAT SCULPTURED DOORS OF STRASBOURG CATHEDRAL PROTECTED

A picture of Strasbourg Cathedral, the beautiful statuary at the entrance heavily barricaded. The usually crowded square is empty. The town is evacuated apart from the Mayor and a few civilian workers. The Bishop, Mgr. Ruch, who was a padre in the last war, also remains to hold services

THE COASTAL COMMAND OF THE R.A.F.

And Their Work (in Landplanes!) Keeping the Coasts of Britain Free of Submarines

The War in the Air, Described by CHARLES G. GREY

(Founder of *The Aeroplane*)

SOMEBODY recently, writing about the air operations over the North Sea, remarked rather patronisingly that the Coastal Command of the R.A.F. had been "taking a prominent part in these affairs." As an old friend of the R.A.F. I take leave to resent that attitude. So far as can be discovered, the Coastal Command of the R.A.F. has been doing the whole job with the exception of certain long-range bomber and fighter operations against definite objectives on the other side of the North Sea, and the purely defensive operations of the Fighter Command against enemy aircraft which have been too obtrusive on this side of the water.

Although the R.A.F. has been in existence for twenty-two years, ordinary John Citizen has not quite grasped the idea that the big flying-boats and the coastal reconnaissance and patrol machines are not part of the Royal Navy. So perhaps for the enlightenment of the public I may point out that the Navy's air branch, known as the Fleet Air Arm, is exactly what the name implies; that is to say, it is the air arm of the Fleet. To put it briefly, the aircraft of the Fleet Air Arm are limited to aeroplanes which will go down the lift in a seaplane carrier from the flying deck on which the machines alight into the housing accommodation down below, which the Navy itself calls the hangars, a silly use of a French word; or those flown from the decks of cruisers. Actually the word "hangar" properly used in French means a big shed such as one sees alongside docks.

When the Fleet Air Arm, which was a branch of the R.A.F., was handed over to the Navy bodily only a few months before war was declared, quite a lot of senior admirals, retired, went on agitating for the handing over to the Navy of everything which flies over the sea. But the Superior War Council, or whoever decides these things at the finish, put its foot down definitely and gave a decision that aeroplanes, or aircraft of any kind, which fly over the sea, or any other water, from bases on shore shall remain the property of the R.A.F. and shall be under the R.A.F. for operations.

The result is that all the anti-submarine patrols by air are done from the coastal stations by the R.A.F. They come under the head of coastal reconnaissance and the machines range all the way from the comparatively small twin-motor Avro Anson, up to the big four-motor Sunderland flying-boats which have been developed from the Empire flying-boats built by Short Brothers for Imperial Airways Ltd. for the Empire air routes.

The Ansons were designed by A. V. Roe and Co. Ltd. primarily as an intermediate training machine in which pilots who had been flying single-motor fighters and bombers were to learn how to fly twin-motor machines without having to go straight on to the big bombers in which they probably would have killed themselves. And, anyhow, using a bomber of about 2,000 h.p. or 3,000 h.p. as a school-machine comes too expensive for the State. So the Anson was designed to be built largely of wood with simple steel fittings, and without any of the expensive all-metal structure which is the fashion in all the world's air forces to-day. It was cheap and quick to make and therefore not so costly when it was crashed.

The little Anson with its Armstrong Siddeley Cheetah motors turned out to be one of the most reliable aeroplanes in the world. The time those motors run without overhaul is fantastic. So the Ansons from being mere school flying machines were turned into regular navigation schools.

Experienced pilots take up a class of budding navigators, and go where the pupils tell them according to their own calculations. A friend of mine who was on that job said that it was great fun. He would tell the pupils to work out a course for Edinburgh, and when he found himself in obedience to their orders over Bruges in Belgium he used to tell them he was going home.

In that way, and in those schools of flying navigation, were taught the navigators who during the past few months have been taking off either from this country or somewhere in France and laying a course for Hamburg or Berlin as the case might be, and, as one of them said, checking up on their navigation by seeing whether their estimated time of arrival, known as the E.T.A., coincided with the fireworks which were shot at them from the ground.

Still more recently the Ansons have become regular coastal patrol machines. They have been hunting submarines all round the coast with quite remarkable success. Probably one of them can claim the honour of having led that Dutch ship to the rescue of a shipwrecked crew on a raft in the cold grey North Sea recently. The daily papers described how a coastal patrol machine which was not a seaplane and therefore could not alight on the water to rescue them, spotted these poor fellows and flew off till it found a neutral ship and with much difficulty made the skipper understand that he was urgently wanted.

The big ships of the Coastal Command, the Short boats, seem to be able to get down on to, and away from, quite nasty seas. Also they carry a very tidy weight of bombs and/or depth charges and when wanted can carry petrol for an enormous range. Ships' captains tell of having met them so far away from land that they wondered how far the Coastal Command commanded.

This recalls that excellent piece of work which was done by three landplanes of the South African Air Force when they spotted a German liner which was trying to escape round the Cape of Good Hope from Portuguese East Africa, apparently with optimistic hopes that it might find its way round by Iceland and Norway back to Germany.

These three machines were manned by Afrikanders if one may judge by the fact that all their names were typically South African Dutch. The aeroplanes signalled to the German ship to put into a South African port, the crew scuttled the ship, and came ashore in their life-boats. And, if one looks at it from their point of view, they did the right thing by their country.

The incident recalls the fact that quite soon after the last war, two South African brothers named Solomon struck the bright idea of whale-spotting off the South African coast. So far as I can remember, that was about 1920. Solomon does not sound exactly a South African Dutch name, but I knew them both and they certainly were 100 per cent. South African, and very fine chaps. They used to fly for hundreds of miles over the sea at distances between twenty and fifty miles out from the coast in shore-going aeroplanes which were not in the least calculated to float in the shark-infested waters round about Cape Agulhas.

They found quite a lot of whales and they put whaling ships on to them by the primitive signals available at the time. But they never got the financial backing they wanted and deserved. If they had done so they might have developed a regular air industry.

South Africa, after 1918, remained singularly behindhand in everything to do with aviation, in spite of efforts by the Handley Page Company to establish air transport with H.P. twin-motor bombers, and in spite of the presentation of quite a respectable quantity of two-seater reconnaissance machines and single-seat fighters to the South African Government by the Air Ministry.

The Union of South Africa has always had a useful little Air Force. South Africans during 1914–18 were magnificent pilots. But it has always been very small, and political jealousies in the Cape Parliament prevented the development of the Air Force which the country might have had, as well as preventing the development of air transport till Imperial Airways came to the Cape, and Mr. Oswald Pirow, Minister of Defence and Communication, sat up and took notice and developed South African air transport.

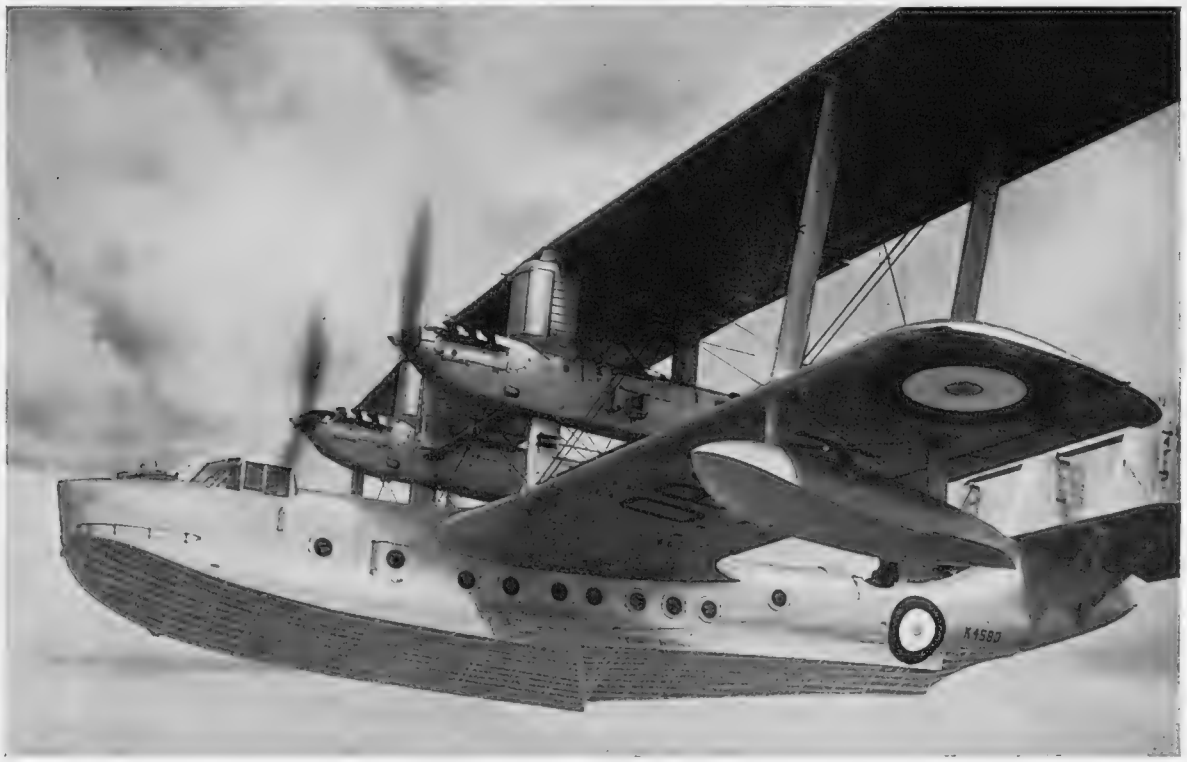
Major Allister Miller, a notable South African war pilot, made a gallant attempt to develop South African Airways, Ltd., and really did get things going, but like the Solomon brothers with their whale-spotting, he never got the support that he deserved.

Yet South Africa supplied us with some of our very finest pilots. Major Pierre van Ryneveldt and Captain Quintin Brand, both Afrikanders, were the first people to fly from England to Cape Town. They were duly knighted, as Sir Helperus van Ryneveldt and Sir Quintin Brand. Sir Helperus, who is always known to his friends as "Jock," presumably because he has some of the solidity of a Scotsman about him, is now a general and the Chief of Staff of the South African Army.

Another fine South African pilot was young Meintjes, who afterwards organised a tiny air branch of the South African police.

To return to those offshore or overseas operations of ours recently, one criticism that a good many people are making is that the formations which we send are nothing like big enough. A friend of mine who in the last war was a very young lieutenant-colonel, the equivalent of a wing commander in the R.A.F. to-day, habitually used to lead formations of 120 assorted fighting machines up and down the line during the latter part of 1918, and used to keep the air relatively clear of enemy reconnaissance machines and bombers. In those days, flying by lieutenant-colonels was not considered quite good form. Even squadron commanders were not supposed to fly as a habit. But my young friend used to haul all his squadron into the air and tell them to rendezvous over Roubaix or Tourcoing, or one of those Belgian border towns, and used just to play the part of Van Tromp and his broom in the sky.

If people could do that sort of thing in those days why not try the effect of a couple of hundred machines on Borkum or one of those other places from which we know these annoying mine-laying aeroplanes start? The more machines there are in the air the harder they are to hit, because the gunners on the ground cannot concentrate.

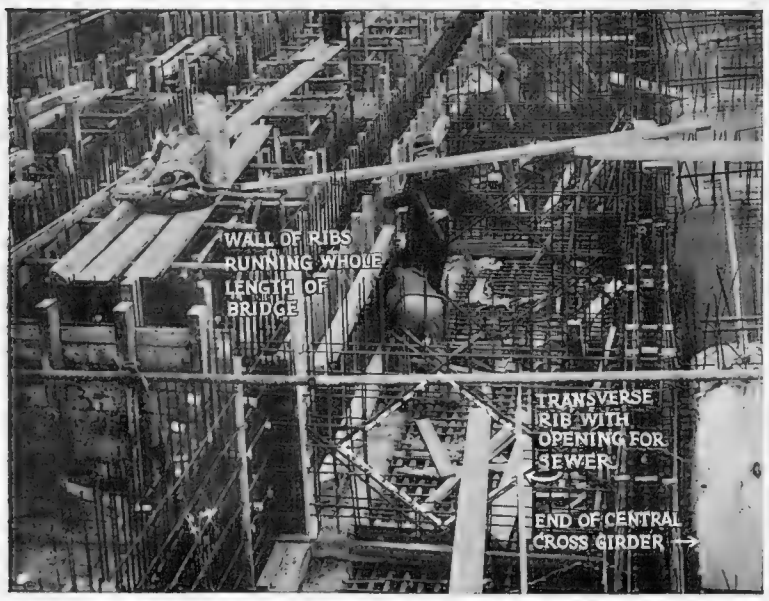


ONE OF THE GIANT FLYING-BOATS OF THE COASTAL COMMAND'S NORTH SEA PATROL

These patrols of the sea are the watch-dogs of the Fleet, and help to keep the Empire's trade routes open by hunting submarines, assisting destroyers and helping in convoy work. The actual aircraft shown here is a Short Singapore III, specially designed for its task; it has four Rolls-Royce engines mounted in tandem pairs, and pusher and tractor propellers to each pair of engines. The Singapore III cruises at 105 m.p.h. and has a range of 1,000 miles—or, in other words, a duration of over 9 hours. In the picture above, note the special double-step; this underwater planing surface has been specially designed to eliminate any tendency to "porpoising" when taxi-ing and taking off from the water

OVERHEAD VIEW OF THE NEW BRIDGE TOGETHER WITH THE TEMPORARY STRUCTURE ON LEFT, SHOWING THE STATE OF THE ARCH AND GIRDER CONSTRUCTION IN FEBRUARY LAST

This overhead view is taken looking south to the Surrey shore. Some of the central cross girders are visible at the far end. At the near end will be seen the two temporary navigation channels, spanned by steel centring girders. The temporary steel bridge will probably not be removed in case of untoward eventualities



WALLS OF STEEL RODS WHICH CROSS FROM SHORE TO SHORE

Among the forest of steel rods and timbers will be traced the four rows of rods forming the four walls, or ribs, of each line of arches. At intervals across these are transverse walls making up the hollow box section construction

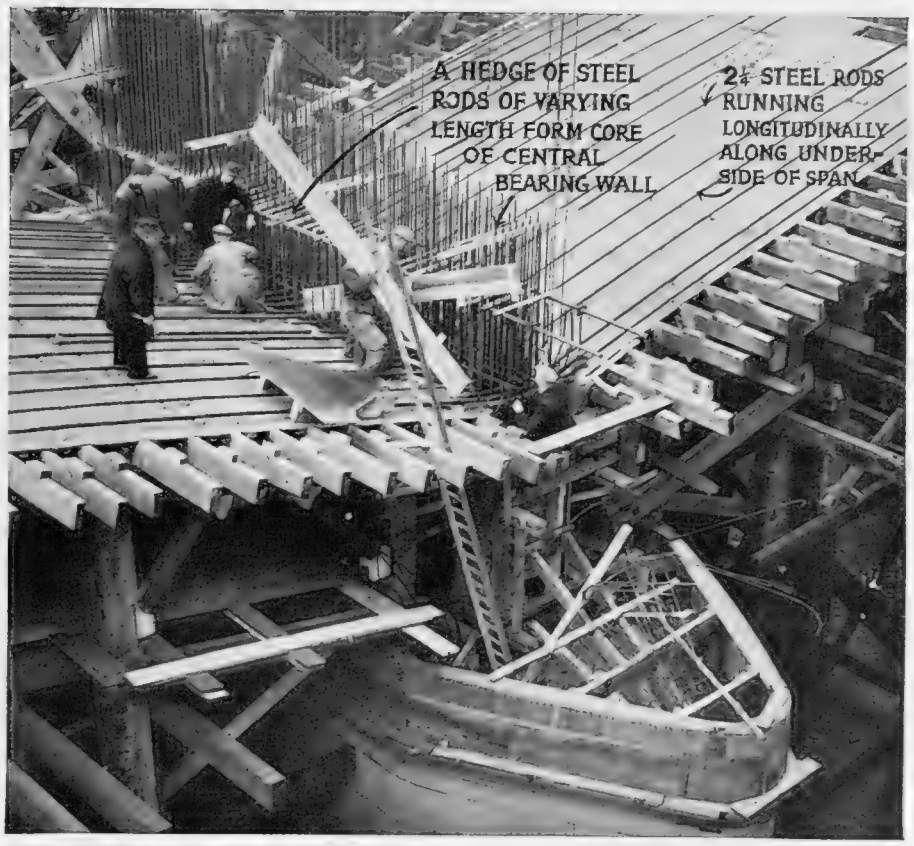
ONE OF THE LONG ARCHES OF REINFORCED CONCRETE REVEALS ITSELF

The view shows the steel rods and concrete of one of the arches. The diagonal grooves and holes on the side are for fixing the facing of Portland stone, which will rest on the ledge running along the bottom edge seen below the plank walk

THE BUILDING OF THE NEW WATERLOO BRIDGE

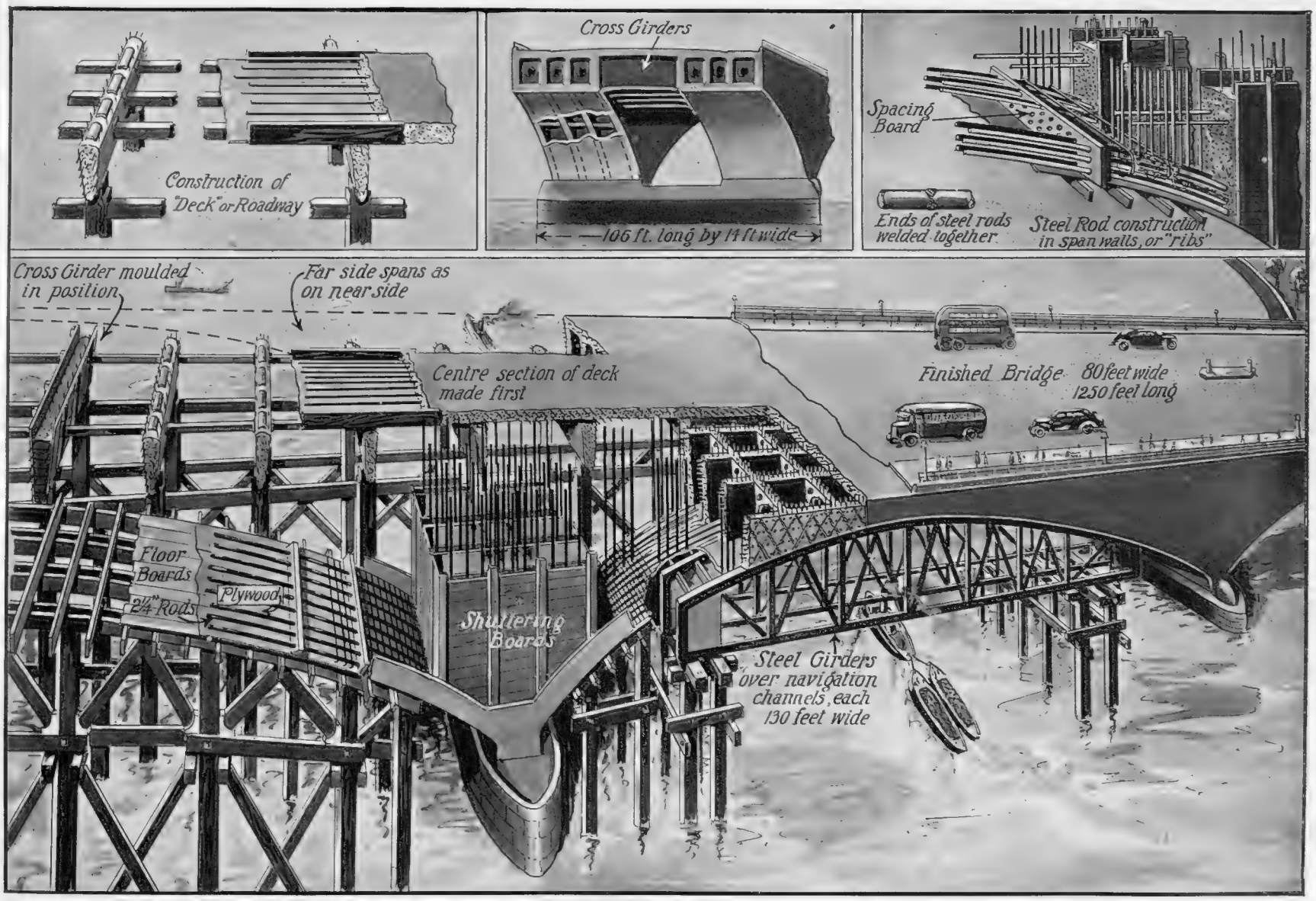
INSIDE ONE OF THE SIDE SPANS OF THE NEW BRIDGE

One of the numerous openings in the transverse ribs to take sewer pipes and other services across the bridge



HOW ARCHES AND TRANSVERSE WALL MEET AT THE PIERS

The pier at the north end reveals timber substructure and wooden flooring on which concrete arched spans are built. The vertical steel rods seen go to form the central bearing wall at the junction of the spans



Consecutive stages in the construction of Waterloo Bridge, from a drawing by Edwin H. Judd

The new £1,200,000 Waterloo Bridge, now in a well advanced stage, is of reinforced concrete construction throughout, with the exceptions of the granite and Portland stone facings on piers and sides respectively; and it has only five spans against the former nine, with four piers instead of eight. The piers, of reinforced construction, with granite facings, are of stream-lined ship's hull shape, each being 106 ft. long by 14 ft wide. Constructionally, the bridge may be divided into three main longitudinal sections; the central portion being composed of about a hundred cross girders, or ribs, which are built into, and carried by, the arched spans on either side. These girders are of reinforced concrete and hollow, being moulded in wooden boxes in position. In the process of moulding, numerous steel rods are embedded in the concrete, the ends of these projecting some inches so as to connect up with the adjoining structure. Along the top of these girders is then laid the central track, or "deck," of ferro-concrete. Steel rods of from 1¼ ins. to 2 ins. in diameter run the whole length, being welded together at the joints, to make a continuous rod, and smaller rods are interlaced across these, all being embedded in concrete to a thickness of about 15 ins. With some 450 men now at work, completion of the bridge is expected about June next, unless the war seriously interferes with present plans.

THE HANGING COMMITTEE AT WORK

NEXT MONTH'S R.A. EXHIBITION

Members of the Hanging Committee deciding the position of a picture for the forthcoming exhibition. All exhibits will be for sale in aid of the charities

A LARGE CANVAS GOES INTO POSITION

This war-time exhibition is in aid of the Lord Mayor's Red Cross and St. John Fund and the Artists' Benevolent Institution

IN THE MODERN ROOM

Two members of the committee, Mr. Victor Passmore and Mr. R. O. Dunlop, examining a piece of modern art entitled "Perch for a Heart"

In January next, "The United Artists' Exhibition, 1940," opens at the Royal Academy in Burlington House. This exhibition—the first comprehensive survey of every aspect of British Art since 1920—will be in aid of the Lord Mayor's Red Cross and St. John Fund and the Artists' General Benevolent Institution. Twenty-five British Art Societies and a number of eminent artists who are not members of a society are contributing works; in all about 1,800 artists were invited to contribute. The final sending-in was on December 6; and the Hanging Committee are now hard at work selecting the pictures and hanging them. Included in the committee are many well-known artists, amongst them Sir Edwin Lutyens, the President of the Royal Academy, Mr. W. Russell Flint, R.A., Mr. Gilbert Bayes, R.A., Mr. R. O. Dunlop, A.R.A., and Mr. G. Harcourt, R.A. The pictures reproduced here show the committee at work a few days ago at Burlington House

The World of Books—By Vernon Fane

A SPATE of POLITICAL LITERATURE

Many Books on Europe's Trouble-makers and Their Methods

THIS year the usual year's end slackening-off in the book world is not apparent; perhaps because of the war and the consequent flow of Hitlerature, perhaps because of the war and the resulting flow of fact and fiction, magnanimously designed to give readers at least a few hours of peace and entertainment.

In the first category that I have mentioned comes Herr Hermann Rauschning's book, **HITLER SPEAKS** (Thornton Butterworth. 10s. 6d.), in which the ex-President of the Danzig Senate records many personal conversations with the Führer. These talks, as may be imagined, were apt to be one-sided and to resolve into orations from Hitler who, even to a one-man audience, could never resist the lure of rhetoric. His voice growing shrill, he would address the one or two visitors in his study as if trying to move a vast Sportpalast audience; then after a moment or two of actually screaming declamation would stop exhausted and apparently relieved.

It is interesting to read that on one occasion Hitler said to Herr Rauschning, "I have learnt a great deal from Marxism. I don't mean their tiresome social doctrine . . . , but I have learnt from their methods. The difference between them and myself is that I have really put into practice what these peddlers and pen-pushers have timidly begun." And later, "National Socialism is what Marxism might have been if it could have broken its absurd and artificial ties with a democratic order."

GERMANY AND HER SPIES (Hutchinson. 10s. 6d.) has a title which explains itself. It purports to be a complete history of the German Secret Service and is illustrated by photographs of Himmler, of women spies, of unnamed traitors, and of the prisoner in the Tower. Mr. S. Theodore Felstead writes vigorously and, as Mr. Churchill might say, not without relish of the doings of German spies in the past seven years. His stories are extremely readable, and his researches into a subject that is, by its very nature, difficult to examine, are very full. One is left with the agreeable impression that the British Secret Service at least is invincible.

GESTAPO (Robert Hale. 10s. 6d.), though perhaps not more serious in its implications, is written in a more conservative style. Mr. Philip St. C. Walton Kerr describes in detail the rise of the secret police organisation; its first training colleges in Czechoslovakia, its headquarters in Cologne, Dresden, and Magdeburg, its ramifications throughout Europe, in England, and now even in America, and the spirit which animates it.

In 1919 the original Gestapo collapsed, but it was resuscitated after a few years, and with the inspiration of Hitler, Göring, Goebbels, Roehm, and Himmler, became the dreaded power that it is to-day.

Mr. W. G. Krivitsky's book is more sensational in character and loses, in my opinion, something of its authority from this treatment. **I WAS STALIN'S AGENT** (Hamish Hamilton. 10s. 6d.) is the story of the author's activities, over many years, as an agent of the Soviet Military Intelligence. In 1937 after one of the recurrent purges of the Red Army Mr. Krivitsky "broke with Stalin" (to use his own words) and refused to betray one of his own friends. For the two years before that he had served as Chief of Military Intelligence in Western Europe.

The point of the greatest interest in his book is the revelation that from 1933 or 1934, in other words the first year of Hitler's power, Stalin had been working for an understanding with Germany which should benefit both countries. Whether or not the author's view is coloured by this autumn's events it is difficult to know, but it is well worth studying, as are his pages on the technique of those confessions that from time to time have puzzled the world outside the Soviet.

The biography of a famous painter should be a far cry from an *exposé* of Communist methods, but in this case there is a closer link than is at first apparent. **DIEGO RIVERA** (Robert Hale. 21s.) was, from the time of the Russian revolution, in close sympathy with the Communist aims, and the story of his murals illustrating *Das Kapital* on walls supplied by America's great capitalists is too well known to need repeating. The fact that the incident led to serious quarrels need hardly be stressed. Later he provided a refuge for Trotsky in Mexico and so finally fell out with all good Stalinists, who by this time were referring to him as a petty bourgeois Zapatist and only a moderately good draughtsman.

Diego Rivera is a Mexican by birth and has survived the title of the Fra Angelico of Communism to become the greatest living painter of murals. Mr. Bertram D. Wolfe, who has subtitled his book in all reverence, writes about him both as a close friend and a passionate admirer of his art. The present book, though complete in itself, is the third of a trilogy on the same subject, and is proof of a single-hearted purpose that is more acceptable in theory than in expression.

Mr. Rivera's artistic development is traced in detail, as are his domestic joys and reverses, and the book is very fully illustrated with reproductions of the artist's work.

How different is the biography of Mr. Philip de László, the distinguished painter of so many royal and ducal portraits. **PORTRAIT OF A PAINTER** (Hodder and Stoughton. 21s.) has only its price in common with the preceding book. Mr. Owen Rutter has used many of Mr. de László's notes and letters, and the portrait is a pleasantly, if not a profoundly revealing one. Twelve de László portraits and a less familiar painting, an impression of the Hofbrauhaus at Munich, are the illustrations.

De László's parents were people in very modest circumstances in Budapest, and his childhood was no preparation for his later triumphs which were to have so social a background. He studied for a time in Munich and in Paris, where he lived the modest life of the poor student he was. His first great success was with the portrait of a little girl which was exhibited in the Paris Salon of 1898. From that time his success was assured, and his sitters included the great and near-great of every European country.

On going through the notes which Mr. de László left—he had long had the intention of writing his own story and had made methodical preparations—Mr. Rutter found many files of neatly-docketed letters, some merely bearing the succinct label, "Royal." His correspondents were of every nationality, and only unanimous in their appreciations. It is a lovable character that emerges from this biography—a man who "gave an impression of vitality and simplicity. There was nothing of the *cher maître* about him. He was no *poseur*; he gave himself no airs. He had dignity, and he knew his worth, but he was modest."

The great use, if not the chief purpose, of anthologies is to have in small, convenient compass that poetry or those passages of prose which will give the reader the most constant pleasure. To have in one's pocket, or by one's chair, a little book that fits into the curve of the hand and yet contains so much that one has loved, or will discover with new pleasure, is one of man's most friendly contrivances. Now that we are perforce so self-supporting in our entertainment the anthology comes out of its temporary retirement and takes its place in letters.

Mr. George Rylands, who is one of the greatest living interpreters of Shakespeare, has, in **THE AGES OF MAN** (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.), arranged what he calls an "essential" Shakespeare, small enough for the bag or the pocket, full enough for the scholar and printed clearly enough to read in the most unfavourable circumstances.

In his introduction Mr. Rylands quotes Blake:

> "He who bends to himself a joy
> Does the winged life destroy:
> He who catches a joy as it flies
> Lives in eternity's sunrise."

"Shakespeare never bends to himself a situation, a character, a passion. He catches it as it flies. And that is the secret of his language."

Mr. Rylands deserves our thanks as much as our congratulations for helping us to the everyday joy of reading that language.

A PARADISE OF ANTIQUES

In a London Garden at Isleworth

AN EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY MARBLE VENUS in Mr. A. J. Crowther's antique paradise at Syon Lodge, Isleworth

MENDING A STONE TEMPLE with a beautifully-decorated wrought iron top; the stone figure is a Greek statue of 200 B.C.

DELICATE REPAIRS to his many masterpieces are carried out by Mr. A. J. Crowther, the owner, himself

LONDON'S ANCIENT MANSION HOUSE, one of Sir Christopher Wren's masterpieces, stands in the garden and is periodically cleaned ready for sale. Only the façade is preserved; the Mansion House was built in 1668-1669

VENICE IN LONDON: this is a loggia from the Doges' Palace in Venice, built of Veronese marble. Mr. Crowther had the whole construction brought over and put up in his grounds

OLD HOUSE REVIVED: the façade of "Bert's Bar," a famous Soho wineshop of the eighteenth century—ready for sale in the garden

A kind of "Chinese Wall" surrounds what is probably the most amazing collection of ancient masonry and antiques in the world. All round Syon Lodge, at Isleworth, near London, this wall keeps curious passers-by from stopping and gazing at a variety of pieces of architecture, sculpture, furniture, and painting which, during many years of collecting in all parts of the world, have been assembled here by Mr. A. J. Crowther. This spacious garden is a paradise for lovers of antiques. A marble Venus stands side by side with a statue of a Roman Emperor; majestic lions of stone bathe in the sunshine shoulder to shoulder with the armours of medieval knights. There is a genuine Greek temple, ancient Spanish pieces of sculpture, richly coloured; an astonishing Austrian chandelier with antlers hangs from the ceiling in one of the many sheds. The buildings have been bodily removed and rebuilt, brick by brick; now they are ready to be sold to wealthy lovers of architecture or history. Mr. Crowther, who himself is an accomplished sculptor, is an outstanding expert on architecture, and he buys anything he comes across which is a genuine reproduction of a period of building. The value of these things is hard to estimate, but experts consider them well worth £500,000; but Mr. Crowther has not enough yet; he still goes on collecting

OTHER THINGS THAN WAR . . .

The Effect of the War on Country Life—Memories of Christmas Shoots in France

COUNTRY Life—What's to Come?—The war has first to be won, and then the peace to be won and assured before we can stoop to build our domestic life up again with new tools and new plans. And whether it be the brave new world which the Socialists believe may still be achieved with a new League and a new spirit, or whether once more we attempt to patch up European civilisation with longing, lingering looks cast back to the old days of power politics and capitalism; whatever come, it will be a long time coming, and after the war there is bound to be an interlude when, crushed by taxation, country landowners, large and small, must still make shift to handle their affairs on the basis of conditions which existed between 1920 and 1940, but with only 40 per cent. of the resources then at their disposal.

It is interesting to speculate on what effect post-war conditions will have on country life as we have known it in the last two decades. No doubt at all, the conditions of country life and country-house life after 1919 survived with a semblance of the conditions which obtained before 1914 *because* the Great War bred a large new class of war profiteers, and sporadic booms in various new vital industries gave us another aristocracy of wealth to succeed to landed wealth.

All indications and the trend of taxation indicate that no such recruitment of new wealth will emerge for a decade at least after this war. Accordingly, it is fairly safe to prophesy that the vast bulk of the great country houses of England will not be used as family homes for many years, if ever again.

What will become of them? Some few of prime historic or architectural interest are likely to be preserved in some form (as National Trust property or otherwise) as national monuments in which the owners may be entitled to live as tenants. Others, I fancy, may be taken over permanently by schools and institutions (which evolution has already begun) and (a new war feature) by business firms which may find it pays them permanently to transfer their clerical departments from London to the country, keeping only headquarters in London for their directorates. I believe that the country after the war will be repopulated, and the towns correspondingly emptied. That will mean new blood, new ideas, and new resources, dear to town dwellers, grafted into country life. Cinemas and road houses will continue to increase and the urbanisation of country districts to proceed apace.

Farming will probably be encouraged for some years after the war and I don't expect the drift back to towns by countryfolk to begin at once. So that village life and interests will continue to be developed. And what of the country sports which developed under the controlling influence of the old landowners? I do not see the end of shooting, but the end of big shoots is much more likely. The shootings of great estates were for the most part maintained and brought back to Edwardian levels during the 1930's by syndicates of rich industrialists and city men, and it is very unlikely that such syndicates will be formed again for many years, if ever. But, while there will be very little rearing, I fancy small syndicates of 500-acre shoots will continue and develop, and more and more people will take out game licences and enjoy pot-luck shoots. The profession of gamekeeper will decline inevitably. I don't suppose hunting will altogether die out. It is in our blood, but hunting on Shire standards can hardly be expected to return.

I do not take a gloomy view of the future of country life. The smaller country houses should survive as centres of hospitality dispensed by those who once lived in great houses. And those of us who strive to live in small country houses now will find a simplified and not less pleasant existence possible in eight- or ten-roomed houses on properties of ten acres or so. Rural re-housing will begin again; let us hope on principles of taste, decency and common sense, and the drive to conserve country amenities will be revived. I look forward hopefully to the future of country life; for simplification of social life is long overdue, and, with any luck, it may come at last, with the defeat of snobbery and social rivalry which perpetually force up standards of luxury in education, recreation, sport, and scales of living. The essentials of a happy and coloured life still survive in the English country, despite our constant efforts to destroy them.

SIGNS of SPRING

Lambs, usually the heralds of warmer days to come, following their mother and doubtless wondering why they were destined to make such a premature appearance in this cold world. On right — *Picking paper whites, a type of narcissus, at St. Mary's, Isles of Scilly, where the weather has been soft and mild*

Christmas Shoots in France 1915–16.—Christmas shoots are topical. More topical would be the title "Christmas Shoots in War-time." Most topical of all for readers in the trenches, "Christmas Shoots in France in War-time." In the late great war to end war I enjoyed several such shoots and I turned back the pages of my old game book the other day to recall them. First, there was a tremendous affair at Christmas, 1915. We had done a turn in the trenches and were back again in the Pas-de-Calais, reorganising ourselves as cavalry; and several of us accepted the invitation of the Marquise d'Ivry to shoot at the Chateau de Colembert. The party comprised fourteen from our cavalry division and three ladies, Mlle d'Ivry, Madame de Frénoit, and another. The ladies chain-smoked cigarettes from foot-long holders from the start of the day (a seven-course dejeuner at eleven o'clock). Beside each plate stood seven wine glasses and each had its use. At 12.30 we issued forth, all pretty reckless. There were twenty-five beaters, all seemed able-bodied and each wore a beautiful red and white smock, coronetted. We stood shoulder to shoulder, often forming a right-angle, and as the day wore on and casualties increased, some of us tried to remember what we had learned of precaution in the trenches.

The anonymous lady-gun, confronted with her second victim, a beater bleeding from cheek and chin, said with a shrug "*Mais quelle bêtise!*" On whose part she did not indicate. We got 264 head and many woodcock among them. M. d'Ivry was on service. I still recall the gay courage and kindly hospitality of Madame d'Ivry that day. I fear there is no shooting at Colembert this Christmas for British officers.

Another Christmas in the war (1916, I think) we were at Desvres close to the Haut Forêt, and the local farmers and shopkeepers were the kindest of hosts and the keenest of sportsmen. I and a friend in the Scots Greys shot often with them. We paid for our invitations with a gift of precious cartridges which we smuggled out from England on returning from leave. The Frenchmen made their own cartridges habitually but powder was unobtainable at that time in France. They shot to kill. They never risked the chance of missing. They blew the head off a rabbit at their own or their neighbours' feet with absolute precision, and scorned to shoot a pheasant on the wing. Each gun jealously and fairly counted his bag and at the end of the day we repaired to the forest inn *Au répos des sapeurs-pompiers* and drank to the *vainqueur* in ardent Armagnac.

And once the quarry was bigger game. A great boar had been harboured. Guns were summoned and the lair driven out. We stood in line at twelve paces of distance. Each gun had a ball of lead set in the mouth of a cartridge from which the small shot had been removed. The huge beast came thundering between me and the padre, a noted Norfolk sportsman. I hit him in the flank as he rushed on past me. The padre turned and cleverly killed him. He rolled over dead 100 yards behind us. Then appeared the *garde-chasse*, wreathed in smiles and several yards of tin trumpet. Dancing beside the body, he blew the *morte* loud and long, and then, abandoning the horn and all restraint, he implanted two resounding kisses on the padre's blushing cheeks; after which, with the body we all repaired to the inn and cleared its stock of brandy.

Those (in short) were the days. "Chivalry" still survived in war. We did not import foxhounds, as Wellington did in his Spanish campaign (though we coursed many a hare in the Somme with local long-dogs), but we still enjoyed sport (in moderation?) in the interludes of those battles long ago.

What Interests Readers?—There can be no editor, however experienced and successful, indeed no journalist, who does not prick up his ears at such a caption. Many years of experience as a journalist have given me a fair idea of the subjects within my own compass which are most likely to assure the interest of readers by the only proof available to me, that is to say, by evoking correspondence. I don't know how many hundreds of letters from readers have come to me in the last twelve years, but I have always roughly filed them under headings and the resulting statistics are quite interesting. I will give seven cardinal subjects of interest.

Readers prick their ears and dash off a letter to me when:—(1) They see a chance to put me right, to correct a howler or slip. (2) I make any critical reference to religion, or rather to the form of religion they practise. I have long ceased to do so. I have learned the lesson. An angry religionist is too bitter. (3) All things old—(*a*) Ancestry: readers will think no trouble too much to prove to me their descent from John of Gaunt or Hereward; and Empire readers are by no means the least interested in family trees; (*b*) Longevity: for obvious reasons, this subject and that of links with the past, interest almost all readers; (*c*) Treasure trove: chance discoveries of things long hidden arouse the eternal boy in all sorts and conditions of men; (*d*) Old habits and customs, old streets and houses. (4) With men, any reference to their own hobbies; with women, anything concerned with domestic economy, the management of home and children, or the simplification of household work. (5) Criminology: sidelights on famous crimes. (6) Sources of quotations, usually from the poets and almost always of the kind that "every schoolboy knows"—or should know. (7) For the duration, at least: war and peace aims.

J. G.

WINTER'S HARVESTS

The Bounty from Sea and Soil

WELSH LEEKS READY FOR MARKET

A barrow-load of leeks being brought in from the fields at Penhow, near Newport, Mon. This symbol of Wales finds a ready sale in the neighbouring valleys

FEEDING THE LAND WITH THE PRODUCE OF THE SEA

Hundreds of bushels of sprats are sold annually to farmers for manure. This is seldom done until the end of the sprat harvest during which time they are in great demand for pickling. The inevitable curtailing of foreign markets owing to the war is causing a greater quantity than ever to be used on the land

THE REEDS ARE GATHERED IN

A reed-cutter carrying bunches of reeds ready for stacking. The cutting season is now in full swing on the River Tay at Mugdrum Island, near Newburgh, Fife. They are brought across the river in boats, and in the picture *on the right* the reed-cutters are seen unloading them at Newburgh Harbour

CORNISH BROCCOLI

Gathering the broccoli near Hayle in West Cornwall, where the season, which is nearing its peak, promises to be an exceptionally good one this year. The plants are large and sturdy and even the horse seems particularly partial to them

A VITAL INDUSTRY

Loading sugar-beet into lorries for the production of sugar. Farmers in the beet-growing areas in Yorkshire are now actively engaged in harvesting and delivering their crops to the factories which are working at full pressure to supply Britain's war-time needs

A GROUP OF SOME PRO

THE COUNTESS OF OXFORD WITH SIR KENNETH LEE (IN VERY GRIM MOOD!)

This picture was taken at a recent Foyle "Literary Luncheon" at Grosvenor House. Lady Oxford needs no introduction: her grim-visaged luncheon companion, Sir Kenneth Lee, LL.D., is the chairman of Tootal Broadhurst Lee Co. Ltd. of Manchester. Sir Kenneth is also the director of the Radio and Communications Division of the Ministry of Information. His public life has been a very full one

LORD MACMILLAN, MINISTER OF INFORMATION

Another guest at the same luncheon, Lord MacMillan was appointed to the brand-new Ministry after a very successful career at the Bar. He, too, like Sir Kenneth Lee, has had a distinguished but unobtrusive public record on Committees and Commissions

MRS. ELINOR GLYN AND MR. COLLIE KNOX

Mrs. Glyn has been in the public eye for over thirty years as a novelist. Mr. Knox is the representative of a younger generation of writers; his articles in *The Daily Mail* are followed weekly by numerous and admiring readers

WAR-TIME SECRETS AT LUNCHEON

General Sir Edmund Ironside (on right) leaning over behind Admiral Odendhal (Chief of the French Naval Mission) to speak to the Earl of Cavan. This picture was taken during a luncheon given by the National Defence Public Interest Committee at the Dorchester

BRIGADIER-GENERAL K. R. VAN DER SPUY, M.C., SOUTH AFRICAN MILITARY LIAISON OFFICER

MR. A. P. VAN DER POST, TRADE COMMISSIONER FOR THE UNION OF SOUTH AFRICA

These three pictures were all taken at South Africa House in London. They show the three chief representatives of South Africa in this country. Incidentally, they show (but rather indistinctly, it is true) some of the fine decorations for which the South African headquarters is famous

MR. S. F. WATERSON, HIGH COMMISSIONER FOR THE UNION OF SOUTH AFRICA

MINENT WAR-TIME PERSONALITIES

THE HONOURABLE MR. GORDON HARKER

Star of the stage and screen, Mr. Gordon Harker encounters some real Chinese beauties when visiting the China Campaign Committee's Christmas Bazaar at North Audley Street. The bazaar was opened by Lord Lister in aid of the International Peace Hospital in China, to which the campaign committee contributes regularly. All the goods sold at the bazaar come from China

THE EX-VICEROY INSPECTS INDIAN VOLUNTEERS

Lord Willingdon, ex-Viceroy of India, has just visited and made a tour of inspection of the Indian A.R.P. ambulance unit. This is composed entirely of Indians resident in London. Above, the ambulance station officer, Mr. Doral Ross, is seen garlanding Lord Willingdon during his inspection

MISS KAY STAMMERS CHOOSES HER WEDDING GOWN

Our pretty twenty-five-year-old No. 1 tennis star is to wed Mr. M. Menzies on January 24. Here she is seen with Mr. Teddy Tinling, the famous dress designer, inspecting designs for her trousseau. Mr. Menzies, who is twenty-two, will shortly receive a commission in the Welsh Guards

A TENNIS CHAMPION TO WED A PILOT REPORTED KILLED

Miss Peggy MacCorkingdale, former winner of the Wimbledon Junior Doubles and Middlesex Junior Doubles, was junior champion of her native country—Scotland—in 1938. She is now engaged to Flight-Lieut. W. M. Penman, who was recently and erroneously reported killed in action. He took part in the raid on the Kiel Canal in the first week of the war. Miss MacCorkingdale is nineteen and her fiancé is twenty-two

VISCOUNT DILLON'S SON AND HEIR WEDS

The marriage has just taken place at St. Mary's Church, Bryanston Square, of Captain the Hon. Michael Dillon, only son and heir of Brigadier Viscount Dillon, C.M.G., D.S.O., and Miss Irene Merandon du Plessis, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Du Plessis, of London and Whitehall, Mauritius

LORD NUFFIELD CHATS WITH COMMANDER SIR LOUIS GREIG

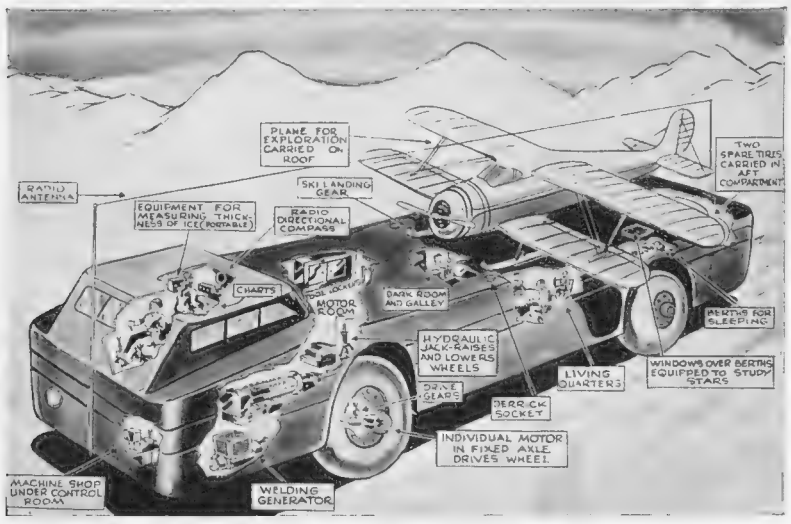
The head of the largest motor manufacturing firm in Britain and this country's greatest philanthropist was present at the lunch to Sir John Simon at the Dorchester given by the National Defence Public Interest Committee

THE AUSTRALIAN AIR MINISTER GETS DOWN TO WORK

Mr. James Fairbairn, Australian Air Minister, arrived recently in London for discussions with regard to co-operation in Britain's war effort. Above he is seen with Mr. S. M. Bruce, Australian High Commissioner in London, at Australia House

A SNOW CRUISER

This enormous vehicle has been specially designed for Admiral Byrd for his trip to the Antarctic. The car protrudes two feet over the rail of the motor-ship *North Star* even though its 10 ft. tail has been removed



THE CRUISER IN DETAIL

A diagram of Admiral Byrd's snow car which is an example of America's readiness to attack the problem of Antarctic transport from a mechanical angle. An aeroplane fitted with skis is carried on the roof Enough fuel is taken for a journey of 6,000 miles

IN A LAND FLOWING WITH PETROL

A view of Times Square, New York, with its brilliantly lit pavements and its throng of cars; a sight to gladden the heart of every blacked-out and rationed war-time motorist

BALLOON BUSES

Using coal-gas stored in huge balloon-like containers, buses are now being put into service in the Nottingham districts. Double-decker buses have a trailer behind them containing the gas

THE PASSING OF "EBBY"

An Appreciation of A. V. Ebblewhite, the Famous Timekeeper and Handicapper, Whose Death is Mourned by the Whole of the Motor Racing World

By A. PERCY BRADLEY, M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E. *(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands)*

THE death of Mr. A. V. Ebblewhite has robbed motor racing and motor sport in this country of one of its chief personages. In fact, I doubt if motor racing in England will ever again be just the same. "Ebby," as he was called by everyone who had met him and by probably a larger number who had only heard of him or seen him, was a unique figure. He originally started as a timekeeper in the cycling world but when Brooklands track held its first meeting on July 6, 1907, "Ebby" was there hoping to be allowed to time the competitors. Strange as it seems now, no timing was permitted.

Motor racing was in its infancy, and so when the first Brooklands race meeting took place it was all carried out and organised just as if the drivers were mounted on horses. The handicapping was done by means of weight, and the cars were weighed before and after each race. The drivers actually wore pukka racing colours, and just to give an example, I note in the race-card of that meeting that Colonel J. T. C. Moore-Brabazon, who drove a Minerva car, wore chocolate coat, blue sleeves and cap. Although cars in those days did not have scuttles that came up to the driver's chin, nor any sides to the body, the colours were practically invisible.

The first race meeting, in spite of the presentation of £4,500 to the winners in the shape of prizes, was a disappointing failure. Many reasons were suggested for this unsatisfactory result, but "Ebby," who had only been allowed to act as a circuit counter, asserted in no uncertain voice that the ragged finishes, if they were to continue, would kill motor racing stone dead within twelve months.

The authorities, however, would not listen to him and if he even as much as took out his stop-watch to look at it he immediately became unpopular. "Ebby's" idea was to introduce the time start as a means of handicapping on a scientific basis. The finishes did not improve and the attendances at the meetings were far from being satisfactory. However, for the meeting in April, 1909, "Ebby" eventually swept away the opposition and in conjunction with Mr. T. D. Dutton, who is still a timekeeper at Brooklands, he framed some handicaps.

Before allowing "Ebby" to have his way the authorities tried starting the cars at different points around the circuit, the intention being that when the starting signal was given by means of firing a maroon all the cars would start off from their respective marks. This scheme proved a failure because the enthusiastic competitors crept from their positions before the big noise went off.

Ever since April, 1909, "Ebby" has either alone, or in conjunction with Mr. T. D. Dutton or his son, framed the handicaps for every short distance motor car race held at Brooklands. In addition he acted as starter and timekeeper. His handicaps were framed entirely on data which he or the other timekeeper had in their possession. It may not be generally known that in every race at Brooklands and at Donington and the Crystal Palace, every lap of each competitor is timed to a fifth of a second. This laborious task was undertaken principally for the purpose of gathering data for future handicaps. Competitors, being human, were not always pleased with the handicaps allotted to them and sometimes they would carry their objections right up to the Racing Committee, but seldom, if ever, did they find "Ebby" at fault. He could always produce figures giving the speed of the car in question in every race in which it had competed or, if it was a newcomer, those of a similar car. In the majority of cases the grouses against his handicaps were ill-founded, for frequently the driver who complained before the race came in the winner; in fact, there was one historic occasion when four competitors came to the office of the Clerk of the Course to make a mass complaint and eventually took the first four places in the race.

"Ebby" was absolutely impartial, full of knowledge of the subject he dealt with, and was quite incapable of being swayed one way or another under any circumstances. Strange to relate, although he knew practically everything worth knowing about the capabilities of every European racing car and driver he never drove a car himself. He has timed probably more records than any other timekeeper, and each record entailed an immense amount of mathematical calculations, yet he never used a calculating machine.

He was, I think, a perfect timekeeper, having that unique temperament necessary for the timing of motor car racing. He taught most of the other timekeepers that we have in the country to-day how to use a watch correctly and how to carry out the exceedingly onerous and tiresome job which timekeeping entails.

His reputation was world-wide and I think perhaps the best example I can give of his reputation overseas as a handicapper was the request which he received from the motor racing authorities in South Africa to frame a handicap for a long distance race over a course which he had never seen and for cars the majority of which he had never timed. He completed his task and it must have met with approval, for the request was repeated on future occasions.

Famous as he was in the car racing world he was even better known amongst racing motor-cyclists. He was one of the chief figures in starting the British Motor-Cycle Racing Club in 1909 and up to the time of his death he was the chairman of the club. He looked upon the racing motor-cyclists as his boys and nothing gave him greater pleasure than when he stood on his feet at the annual dinner of the club to announce a long list of successful attempts at records carried out by the members. Whilst those records were in the process of being attacked he would father the rider and give him the best advice as to how to make the attempt successful.

In business he was the proprietor of a musical instrument shop, yet I am told that he never played a note of music in his life. He was gifted with a very fine sense of humour which, of course, helped him tremendously in his job as a timekeeper and handicapper.

He was absolutely reliable; in fact, during all the years in which I have been connected with motor racing, I cannot recall one instance where "Ebby" failed to arrive on time and carry out whatever task he had promised to perform, except through illness. He had many narrow escapes from crashing cars and when starting them from the line but he never got flurried and just carried on timekeeping even when on one occasion spiked steel railings came through the roof of his box and nearly speared him and the other occupants. Concentration such as that is almost essential for a timekeeper, but seldom found.

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

The Committee of this Society were very gratified at the report received from the Diocesan Inspector when he visited the Bisley Boys' School, a branch of this Society. In his report he congratulated the Headmaster and Staff not only on the work done, but on the whole atmosphere. He was much impressed with the standard of religious knowledge. The memory work was carefully said and understood, this applying especially to the Catechism, which is being taught in a most sensible way, and the boys evidently appreciate it. He came away with the impression that the standard of teaching is a good deal in advance of that in most schools. He was present at prayers in the School Chapel; the service was reverent, and struck him as a splendid start for the day's work. This Society is in urgent need of funds to carry on. Will you please send a New Year's gift which will be gratefully acknowledged from the Headquarters at 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

LONDON IN YULETIDE

THE KING'S CHRISTMAS TREE GLISTENS IN ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL

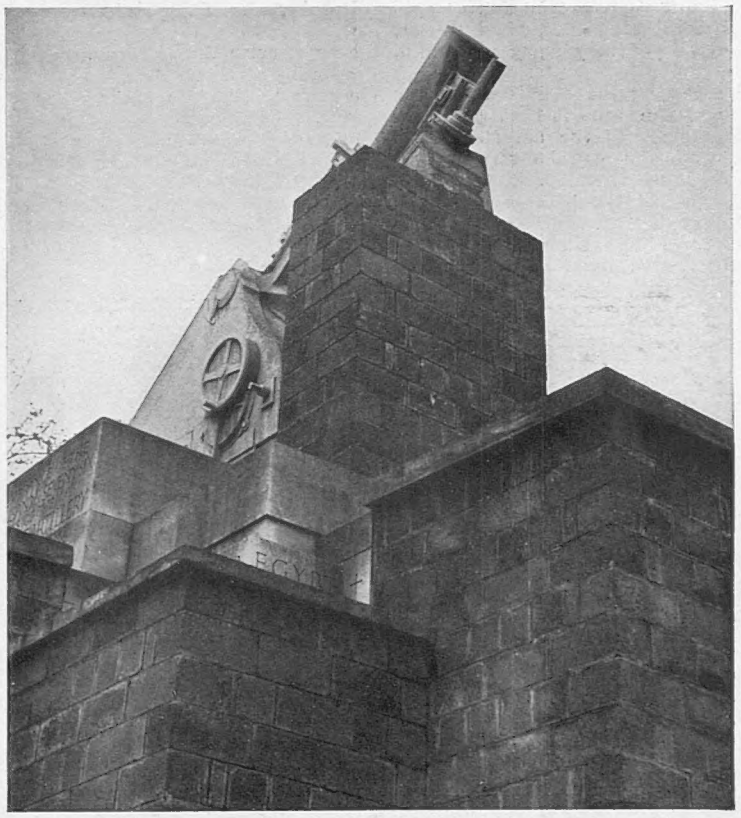
The illuminated Christmas tree in the nave of St. Paul's is a heartening sight this year. It is a Royal gift, and is intended to be a centre to which presents can be brought for various charities

CHARLES I VANISHES FROM SIGHT

This giant sentry-box of corrugated iron is the outer casing of the protection which has been afforded to King Charles' effigy at Charing Cross. This equestrian statue is a unique piece of work and deserves all the protection which has been given it

SIR EDWARD WILSHAW EXAMINING THE VOLUME PRESENTED TO HIM BY 10,000 STAFF SUBSCRIBERS LAST WEEK

A presentation was made to Sir Edward Wilshaw, chairman of Cable and Wireless Limited, from 10,000 of his staff. In addition to the insignia of the order of the K.C.M.G., a volume containing the signatures of all subscribers was presented to him



THE ARTILLERY MEMORIAL AT HYDE PARK CORNER IS BRICKED UP

A still more astonishing sight is the Artillery Memorial at Hyde Park Corner. The Jagger's figures and panels have vanished behind solid walls. This, we may venture to point out, is a modern memorial, and could scarcely be regarded as irreplaceable. There should be a limit to the protection of public memorials

A DANCE IS THROWN IN WHEN TROOPS VISIT THE PRINCE OF WALES'S THEATRE

At the Prince of Wales's Theatre, Tommy can enjoy the show and in the interval can go down to a ballroom built under the auditorium. He can have a drink, and dance without any extra charge

PROTECTING THE ENTRANCES TO PUBLIC SUBWAYS

Another example of the brick protection which has been taking the place of the very questionable sandbag during the past month. This view was taken outside the Mansion House station

In Quest of Good Hotels

By ASHLEY COURTENAY

An Old-established Staff Betokens a Well-run Hotel: Meeting Old Friends Again

WHAT'S your taste with regard to hotels? Do you like the five-star super establishment where the minute buttons and the immaculate manager treat you as if the hotel was only run for one person, and that is you, and you alone? Or do you like the small, more homely type of place where you are made to feel "at home," and not uncomfortable?

But perhaps you prefer the hospitality of the inn—a mild and bitter in the four-ale bar—a winding staircase to your bedroom, and a mental "must mind the beam as I walk in." Alternatively your choice is perhaps the spacious country house hotel. Plenty of room to do your exercises in the bathroom. No likelihood in your bedroom of suffering from claustrophobia.

The great feature of British hotels is their infinite variety. Every good one has its individual characteristics and personalities. And in many you will find year after year the same "key" staff, that is, hall porter, head waiter, and though you may never meet him, chef.

In assessing the standard of any hotel, you can take it that whenever you find most of the old staff on a return visit you can be certain that here's an hotel where the staff are well looked after by the management, and the visitors in turn will be well looked after by the staff. Under such circumstances repeat visits are always more pleasurable than the first, for given the same staff they have learnt and recorded all your idiosyncrasies. Mr. Brown must have his tea waiting on the breakfast table at 9 a.m. sharp, irrespective as to whether Mr. Brown has overslept or not. Mrs. Smith cannot eat her toast unless very lightly browned. And it is such unimportant importances which have to be memorised by a well-trained and long-serviced staff.

It is a pleasurable pursuit going around the country and meeting old faces.

Last week I revisited Warnes at Worthing after a considerable interval. As I passed through the swing doors I looked forward to seeing Simmonds again, who, endowed with the spirit of eternal youth, is now in his thirty-fourth successive year as head porter at Warnes. It was Mr. G. S. Stacey (now manager at the Royal Automobile Club) who had the wisdom to recognise the merits of long service by originating the idea whereby all the staff at Warnes wear a star to indicate their years of service. Simmonds tops the bill, not only of Warnes, but of most hotels, by bravely displaying thirty-three stars to date.

It is such men who by their handling of us individuals can make all the difference between comfort and discomfort in our journeyings.

If you want to be sure of an hotel where there is good cooking, gather, if you can, something of the history and the service of the chef; and if you have the opportunity, ask to see the kitchens, and so the saucepans.

The kitchens may not be models, for there is many a good chef who has to work in old-fashioned surroundings, but if the saucepans and the floors are spotless at the end of the day the chances are that there is a good chef in control.

Kitchens I have seen and which I can recall to mind because of their spick and spanness are those of the Park Lane Hotel, London, the Cairn Hydro, Harrogate (at present in Government occupation), the Keswick Hotel at Keswick, the Rosemullion at Budleigh Salterton. And, for the last word in model kitchens and good cooking, the Clifton Arms at Lytham St. Annes, in Lancashire.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

C. L. T., Aldershot.—In replying to your letter I do not think I can do better than recommend you to go to Bourne Hall Hotel at Bournemouth. It is a very well-run hotel. The prices are reasonable, and it is in a good key position for getting to the theatres and dancing places in Bournemouth. I do not think there will be any difficulty in having your little dog there, even though it is a dachshund!

W. G. D., Hoylake.—I shall only be too pleased to help you if I possibly can, though you will realise that in your part of the world the good places are few and far between. I presume the matter of a lift would not be important if you could again get ground-floor accommodation. I cannot help feeling that Kinmel Hall Hotel, Abergele, North Wales, would suit you as regards distance, elevation, diet, and general comfort. Alternatively, though rather farther away—some 70 miles, I believe—I wonder whether you would care to think of Grange-over-Sands, where there is a delightful hotel called Graythwaite Manor, which is very definitely a "home." Beyond that, I find it very difficult to know what to suggest unless you will be prepared to consider Harrogate. Here there are still a few good hotels open, and if you were interested I could give you names.

Mr. Ashley Courtenay is always pleased to advise "Sphere" readers of hotels, both large and small, known to him personally. Letters should be addressed to him, c/o the Editor, THE SPHERE, *32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Personal and telephone inquiries, however, cannot be accepted.*

A NEW PICTORIAL RECORD OF GILBERT & SULLIVAN OPERAS

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A fast through train from Paddington will bring you to the Lodge Gates of this very real country house (once the home of a peer) situated amidst the lovely scenery of South Devon. Even if you are awed at the approach you will quickly thaw at your reception, for here is dispensed hospitality and homeliness in full measure. A good place to know of for a country house Christmas. May we send you a Brochure?

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Terms from **3 gns.**

THE GRANVILLE HOTEL, ST. MARGARET'S BAY, KENT

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THE SPHERE REGISTER OF HOTELS

The majority of these hotels are personally known to our Hotel Correspondent, Mr. Ashley Courtenay, who will be pleased to give further details regarding them to readers who write to him, c/o "The Sphere."

ENGLAND

Aldeburgh.—Wentworth Hotel. Tel. 312 & 313.
Ashburton (S. Devon).—Holne Park Hotel.
Bath.—Lansdown Grove Hotel.
Bexhill-on-Sea.—Hotel Riposo. Tel. 472.
Bognor Regis.—Royal Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 40.
Boscastle.—Welltown Manor Guest Hse. Tel. 17
Bournemouth.—Bourne Hall Hotel. Tel. 5.
Bournemouth.—Hinton Firs Hotel.
Bournemouth.—Tollard Royal.
Brighton.—The Kings Hotel.
Burley (New Forest).—Burley Manor Hotel.
Bushey.—Bushey Hall Hotel.
Cambridge.—Blue Boar Hotel. Tel. 3030.
Chagford (Devon).—Easton Court.
Chipping Campden.—Cotswold Hse. Htl. Tel. 330
Churston Ferrers (S. Devon).—Lupton Hotel.
Crowborough (Sussex).—The Crest Hotel.
Droitwich.—Raven Hotel.
Dulverton.—Carnarvon Arms.
Dulverton (Som.).—Woodcote Hotel. Tel. 129.
Exeter.—Royal Clarence Hotel.
Exmouth.—Maer Bay Hotel.
Folkestone.—Queen's Hotel. Telephone 2219.
Goring-on-Thames.—The Bull. Tel. Goring 57.
Hailsham (Sussex).—Woodside Hotel.
Hove.—Dudley Hotel. Completely modernised.
Lytham St. Annes.—Clifton Arms Hotel.
Lyme Regis.—Hotel Alexandra. Tel. 10.
Manchester.—Bowdon Hydro.
Mundesley-on-Sea (Norfolk).—Manor Hse. Htl.
Newquay.—Headland Hotel. Tel. Newquay 2211.
Ninfield (nr. Battle).—Moor Hall Hotel. Tel. 30
Ockham.—The Hautboy. Ripley 20.
Oxford.—Mitre Hotel. Tel. 2335 and 3840.
Paignton.—Ravenswood. Cliff Road.
Penzance (Cornwall).—Queen's Hotel.
Plympton (nr. Plymouth).—Elfordleigh Hotel.
Ross-on-Wye.—Mount Craig Hotel.
St. Leonard's-on-Sea.—Royal Victoria Hotel.
St. Margaret's Bay (Kent).—The Granville Htl.
Salisbury.—Old George Hotel. Tel. 3189.
Sanderstead (Surrey).—Selsdon Park Hotel.
Scarborough.—The Grand. 'Phone: 1053.
Shaftesbury (Dorset).—Coombe House Hotel.
Sidmouth.—The Torbay Hotel.
Torquay.—Grand Hotel.

ENGLAND—*continued*

Torquay.—Headland Hotel.
Torquay.—Roslin Hall Hotel. Tel. 4373 (2 lines)
Treyarnon Bay (Cornwall).—Waterbeach Hotel.
Tunbridge Wells.—The Spa Hotel.
Twyford (Berks.).—Grove Hall Hotel. Tel. 109.
Weymouth.—Royal Hotel. Tels. 627 & 628.
Worthing.—Greystoke Private Hotel. Tel. 991.

GREAT NORTH ROAD

(Figures in brackets show mileage from London)

Catterick (229).—Bridge House Hotel.

ENGLISH LAKES

Keswick.—Borrowdale Hotel. Borrowdale 24.
Keswick.—Royal Oak Hotel.

LONDON

Ambassadors Hotel, W.C.1. Tel. Euston 1456.
Bailey's Hotel, Gloucester Road, S.W.7.
Dorset Square Hotel. Off Baker St., N.W.1.
S. Kensington Htl., Queen's Gate Terrace, S.W.7
United Services Hotel, S.W.7. Tel. Wes. 7131.

SCOTLAND

Tomintoul (Banffshire).—Richmond Arms Htl.

WALES

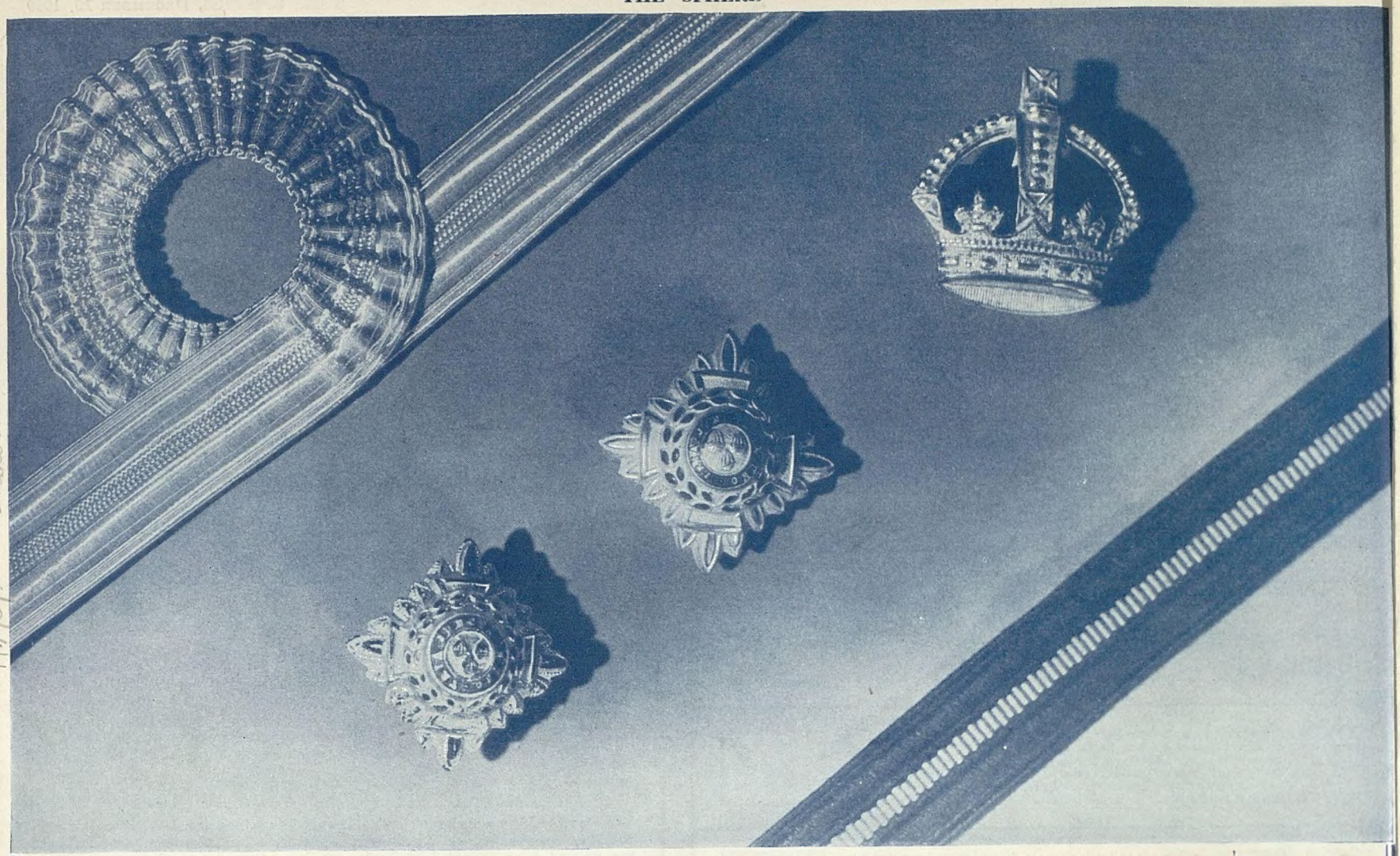
Llandudno.—Imperial Hotel. Facing sea.
Llangollen.—Hand Hotel. A.A. and R.A.C.
Tan-y-bwlch.—Oakeley Arms Hotel.

NORTHERN IRELAND

Belfast.—Grand Central Hotel.
Rostrevor.—Great Northern Railway Hotel.

EIRE

Dun Laoghaire (Kingstown).—Ross's Hotel.
Glendalough (Co. Wicklow).—Royal Hotel.
Greenore.—Great Northern Railway Hotel.
Greystones (Co. Wicklow).—Grand Hotel.
Kingstown (Co. Dublin).—Royal Marine Hotel.



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PRINTED IN ENGLAND by EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE LIMITED. *His Majesty's Printers*, at East Harding Street, London, E.C.4. and Published Weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, LTD., 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4.—*December* 30, 1939. Entered as Second-class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office, 1905.